

From Good Words.

REASONS FOR SCEPTICISM AS TO CERTAIN SPECULATIONS OF MODERN SCIENCE: ADDRESSED TO A BELIEVER.

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To M. D.—You ascribe my scepticism, (as you call it,—and, of course, we are all sceptics as to what we do not believe,) in relation to some of your new-fangled speculations, to a "blind adherence" to the traditional beliefs of a "stereotyped theology;" and you tell me that it is in oblivion or contempt of what Bacon says in the First Book of his "*Novum Organum.*"

You were never more mistaken in your life. I demur to your scientific crotchets, not because I believe the Bible, (though I do believe it,) but because I believe in Bacon. If I know myself, I fancy that even though I had not read a syllable of the Bible, and had no "traditional beliefs" to renounce, I should have objected to the new scientific dogmas which you urge on my acceptance, just as much as I do now; and that precisely because (as I think) you, not I, have forgotten Bacon, and been misled by those "idola" of the human intellect, before which not theologians alone, but scientific speculators too, (as indeed his First Book is more expressly designed to show,) may too readily fall.

The hint, however, to look into Bacon, has not been lost upon me, though I fancy I did not particularly need it; for if I ever made a book my *vade-mecum*, it is the First Book of the *Novum Organum*.

And surely if ever a book deserved a periodic or constant perusal, it is this. Gibbon, it is said, read every year the Provincial Letters; Voltaire always had the *Carême* of Massillon on his table; Robert Hall, the Essays of Addison; one friend of mine used annually to peruse the principal writings of Burke; and another, Don Quixote. I should be afraid to do precisely the same by Bacon, lest he himself should rebuke me for exhibiting somewhat of that same slavish spirit which he condemns in the admirers of Aristotle. But I confess that I read him with a perpetual renewal both of wonder and delight; not only for the pro-

fundity and comprehensiveness with which he explores the darkest recesses of human error, but for the perpetual coruscations with which the most exquisite imagination that ever ministered to philosophy, lights up all his dark way, and gleams on the fossil remains and glittering petrifications of ancient Prejudice, like a thousand wax-lights on the sides of a spar cavern.

It is precisely *because* I take him as my guide, that I reject the dogmas for which you challenge my belief; nor am I unwilling to give you my reasons for so saying.

While he condemns, and justly condemns, (Aphorism lxxv.) those who, not content with affirming that there must be a harmony between the "Word" and the "Works" of God, (though it may be long before we can fully show it,) persist in deducing whole "systems of natural philosophy, from the first chapter of Genesis or the book of Job," he is gloriously impartial in his censures, and shows not only that the theologian, but the scientific man also,—as in ages past, so in the ages to come,—may in, spite even of his own clear exposition of error, fall into similar delusions.

He did not suppose, that having once so luminously sketched those "idola,"—some of them congenital to the human mind, others necessarily superinduced in the course of its development,—which obstruct our admission of truth, or betray us into the reception of error, he could thereby secure the mind, (scientific or otherwise,) against the danger of relapsing into them. On the contrary, while he shows that the past history of science, throughout its whole course, has illustrated their potency, and ascribes its long failure or slow and uncertain progress, to their dominion, he distinctly declares that even the inauguration of his own better method would itself bring with it a new temptation to fall into the old errors; that those "idola" he had guarded against, would be apt to re-appear in more subtle forms: that the tendency to hasty generalization, the impatience of arriving at results, the inability of the mind to "stay its judgment," or exercise a wise abstinence; the temptation to yield to the seductions of a forward and obtrusive fancy, to round an imperfect theory, or give symmetry to a

halting hypothesis, would still be apt as ever to haunt the human intellect, however men might acknowledge the principles of the Inductive Philosophy. And therefore he expressly declares, (Aphorism lxiv.) — "There is a certain caution not to be pre-termitted; for I foresee and augur, that if ever men, roused by my counsels, betake themselves seriously to experiment, and bid farewell to sophistical doctrines, then, indeed through the premature and precipitate hurry of the understanding, the leaping or flying to universals or principles of things, great danger may be apprehended from philosophies of this" (the empirical) "kind; against which evil we ought, even now, to be on our guard." Nor is it superfluous to insist, as he did, that men still need to be warned against a class of delusions, which, he says, had been so common in previous ages of philosophy: — "those foolish little models of imagined worlds, (as it were little *apes* of the true, *simiolas*.) which the fancies of men have created in their philosophical systems," and which "must be given to the winds. Let men know how vast a difference there is, (as I have already said,) between the Idols of the human mind, and the Ideas of the Divine." (Aphorism cxxiv.)

If we may judge from the extent and audacity of modern hypothesis-making in relation to this very class of speculations, or the confidence with which such hypotheses are too often spoken of, as if they were demonstrated truths, this aphorism may be profitably studied in the present day; for the "Hypotheses non fingo," which Newton considered his glory, seems little to the taste of many recent philosophers.

Certainly, my friend, I believe that never since Bacon's time has there been greater license of hypothesis than in our own day; and that, especially, in relation to subjects demanding (if they are ever destined to be effectually and definitely settled by man at all, and are not rather among those things which it is the "glory of God to conceal," or which He leaves to our modest conjecture only,) the utmost exercise of philosophic caution and self-restraint. Of many of them indeed one may well doubt, with M. Comte, whether they are, or *can* be, the legitimate province of science at all. To investigate the *present* laws of nature, to trace the succession of antecedents and consequents of all *present* phenomena, to analyse and classify the *facts* of the world as it is actually constituted, and lies open to our *experience*, would seem to be the proper province of *experimental* science. But, not content with this, many of you have set up as "world-

makers," — and are as busy as the old Greek philosophers about Cosmogonies; about the origin and evolution of all things; about the possible period of the gestation of the universe from its first embryo condition; the primary elements out of which all things have been evolved; whether there need have been any such thing as "creation" proper, or any "beginning" at all; whether the primordial forms" of all animated nature need have been more than three or four, or even more than one; and whether all species of creatures may not have been developed out of, or transmuted into, one another.

Now as the absolute decision of such questions — (some of them seem, in fact, rather the proper *pabulum* of those metaphysical speculations, which modern science generally despises, than of legitimate scientific investigation) — necessarily carries us beyond the sphere of experience into regions transcendental to it, I cannot help feeling some sympathy with M. Comte's too trenchant and summary proscription of all such subjects, as not even belonging to genuine science at all; subjects in which man merely as *man*, with his merely natural *organa* of science, cannot hope to know, and, at best, can but conjecture.

It is accordingly not a little droll to see how M. Comte, indisposed though he was to admit any *other* Supreme Being than "Collective Humanity," yet censures the *dogmatical* Atheist, who seeks to give a plausible account of "the causes and origin of things" as more unreasonable than the Theists themselves: "The true spirit of the Positive Philosophy consists in always substituting the study of laws, for the study of causes. It is, consequently, irreconcilable with the ambitious dreams of a misty Atheism, relative to the *formation of the universe, the origin of animals, and so forth*. Positivism does not hesitate to declare such doctrinal chimeras to be very inferior, even in rationality, to the spontaneous beliefs of mankind.\*" He on like grounds excludes geology (as ordinarily understood) from the circle of the sciences altogether!

I should certainly be sorry to go so far; or say that men must remain perpetually or absolutely ignorant on all the problems in question; (indeed there are not a few of us who are old-fashioned enough to believe that we may get glimpses of the truth about some of them, even though the oracles of science were dumb;) or deny that science

\* See also "Catechism of Pos. Rel.," pp. 172, 178. Eng. Tr.

may lawfully, if it will but modestly, form at least its hypotheses respecting them, though it may acknowledge that to obtain absolute certitude is beyond its power. But most assuredly the subjects are such as are inveterately haunted by some of the worst "Idola," and perhaps have their chief charm for men whose ardent imagination particularly exposes them to their seductive power.

But while none ask science to refrain from such speculations, if it will but refrain from dogmatism; if it will not take conjecture for certainty; if it will but acknowledge that a thing is still but a guess, if it be really so, one cannot but wish, in the interests of science itself, that it should deal not only very modestly, but very sparingly with them. If not, they will absorb more and more of the time and toil which should be given to more hopeful and legitimate fields of scientific enterprise; the tendency will constantly be, as in the case of the alchemists, to substitute visionary projects for practical objects; to devote too much attention to things which pique curiosity indeed, but also least repay merely human labour upon them.

The simple fact is, that this class of questions, being bound up with the most intense longings of the human heart for knowledge, are, in the absence of either the supposed *higher* light of revelation, or the all but impossible apathy which Comte enjoins on his dogmatic Atheist, so piquant, so enticing and fascinating, that man, left to himself, will run out into endless speculations as to the origin and the evolution of things; as to whence he came, and whither he is going. If he cannot rest content with the Genesis and Apocalypse of the Bible, he will make a Genesis and Apocalypse for himself. Hence the extent to which all such speculations grafted themselves upon the physics of the ancient world; nor was it perhaps (as I have ventured elsewhere to suggest) the least of the *temporal* benefits of Christianity, — "that so many myriads found repose in it from the ceaseless questions which must often have agitated the greatest sages of antiquity; that so large a portion of the highest intellect of our race, in fact, accepted its decisions on those questions, and thus was set free to pursue the path of science within the limits and in the directions in which alone human science can be successfully prosecuted."\*

Nor have I any hesitation in predicting

that if the present era of science should be unhappily signalised by (what some think its boast) a general tendency to religious scepticism, that there will be just as voluminous speculation on these subjects as ever; that there will be a "plentiful crop of sects and schisms," from which the world has for ages been happily free; that they will draw more and more, for the support of their own fungous growth, on the thought, time and toil, which should serve for the nourishment of genuine science; that men will be disputing whether their forefathers were once apes, instead of considering questions vitally interesting to them as *men*; or how the world came into being, rather than how it may be "subdued" and improved. The human mind cannot endure to be without a theory on these subjects, whether it be inclined to scepticism or the contrary; and hence the difficulty of the lesson which M. Comte would so calmly enjoin on his dogmatic Atheist. Hence, too, in numberless writings of the present day, we see a scepticism asserting itself with all the passion and vehemence which it is fond of representing as the peculiar infirmity of theologians!

However, only let science abstain from dogmatically asserting that *that* is demonstrated truth, which is but crude conjecture, and there will be nothing to complain of.

But I cannot say that this is the case with you, or with some of those whose disciple you avow yourself. The theories you urge upon my attention, and which (as I think) illustrate Bacon's "*idola*" far better than his "*inductive method*," are affirmed by you and by others with a dogmatism which seems to me diametrically opposed to all true science. I read, for example, in one of the critiques you have commended, (I quote the very words,) — "The best chapter in the book, as might have been expected, is that which treats of '*Design in Nature*.' The poor old final causes will always afford to an assailant as easy a victory as that of Falstaff over Hotspur. . . . Yet since there certainly *was* a time when the argument was considered of value, a forcible *exposition of its emptiness* does not seem to us altogether superfluous."

In another place I read, "Language was not innate, but adventitious — a mere acquirement, having its origin in the superiority of the human understanding. . . . Each *separate* tribe formed its own language, and there could be *no doubt* that in each case the framers were *arrant savages*, which was proved by the fact, that the rudest tribes ever discovered had already completed the task of forming a perfect language."

\* Article "Plato," "Edinburgh Review," April, 1848.

Listen again to the oracles of modern wisdom:—"There arise no new *species*, by any creative interference; none disappear by a divine mandate of destruction, since the natural course of things, the process of development of all organisms and of the earth is amply sufficient for the production of all these phenomena. Even man is neither a distinct creature, formed in a special manner, and differently from all other animals, nor provided with a special soul, and endowed with a divine breath of life; he is only the highest product of a progressive natural selection, and descends from the simious group standing next to man." . . . Again—"By science and by reason, we neither have, nor can possibly have, any evidence of a Deity working miracles."

But are these things worthy of the caution of the inductive philosophy? Amidst all this confident and dogmatical assertion, you know, as well as I do, that the points here so curtly assumed are not only, every one of them, denied or disputed by the great mass of intelligent men, but everywhere doubted, at most keenly controverted, in the scientific world itself.

I now proceed to show why, on Bacon's grounds, not on those of "traditional beliefs," I cannot accept as proven, any of the six "articles" of your scientific creed, which you so confidently urge upon my faith: "faith," I may well say; for assuredly, they are not commended to my reason.

I shall only premise one thing; and that is, that the gibes and sarcasms which, after the fashion of the day, you launch against the advocates of "traditional beliefs" and "stereotyped dogmas," will equally apply to you, and science; there is not a foible of the intellect, not an "idolum tribus," "specus," or "theatri," with which the one are charged, that may not be retorted on some of the more advanced of the modern champions of science: and precisely because there is, in all of us, so much more of *man* than of either science or theology. Thus, you tell the theologian that he believes what he *wishes* to be true,—in spite of evidence. What else can be said of many of the advocates of those wild theories which scientific fancy has given us in our day,—having all the illusion, and none of the beauty, of poetry? You tell me that the theologian believes a dogma because it is old—and do not our modern speculators often believe their shining novelties, for a similar though an opposite reason, *i. e.* just because they are new. You tell me that many cling to certain opinions, because they wish the Bible to

be true; and is it not too evident from the tone of many, that they think an opinion chiefly charming because they wish the Bible to be false? You tell us that of course this or that work, in defence of an "effete orthodoxy," is received with praise by all the orthodox journals, and that we can tell beforehand the organs that will applaud. And cannot we do the same in reference to any novel bit of heterodoxy? Can we not lay our finger beforehand on the very journals that will pet and patronize that, even though it be directly in the teeth of some *other* heterodoxy, which it has already petted and patronized? You tell me that you are shocked at the "odium theologicum" which so universally prevails among theologians, and is indeed the constant theme of reproach in journals and newspapers;—just as if, by the way, the "odium politicum" was quite unknown to the world! But is there not also such a thing as even the "odium scientificum"? Cannot our *savans* on occasion snarl and growl over an old jawbone or an old tooth, out of a gravel drift, as fiercely as theologians over any of their doctrines? Have not the amenities of science been sometimes so forgotten as to call for the rebukes of our great, and in general most just, censor of manners,—our *Custos morum*,—"Mr. Punch"? May not a *Savant* be so provoking and so provoked as even to "spit" on the gaberdine of a heterodox doubter of some tale of the sacred "*gorilla*"?—I do not mention these things as against science, any more than the "odium theologicum" should be so uncandidly and perpetually urged against theology. The "odium theologicum," and the "odium politicum" and the "odium scientificum" are all alike odious; but they are the fruit, not of theology, or politics, or science, but just of human nature—of passion and prejudice;—an *idolum* of the heart, if not of the intellect, and just as misleading as any *idolum* of the intellect can be. When darling opinions, and systems, and hypotheses, and claims to discovery, are to be defended, the coolest and most tranquil fields of speculation—even those of mathematics—are apt to be troubled with these hurricanes of passion, as the quarrels between the followers of Leibnitz and Newton full well show.

Nay, as if to show there is no infirmity of the intellect, no form of self-deception, to which you men of science pronounce theologians peculiarly subject, which is at all peculiar to them, or which is not equally exemplified by other classes of men, even



that formidable charge of being the easy dupes and victims of "spiritual pretensions" and "pious frauds" may be retorted upon a good many of you. To the various pretensions and juggleries of modern "spiritualism" science has yielded its full quota of credulity; and if irreligious, *not* religious, men, have sometimes made religion the dupe of "pious frauds," quick-eyed science has often been victimised of late in the very same manner; and simply for this reason, that theologians and philosophers happen to be alike — men. I refer, for example, to the plentiful manufacture and eager reception of the *modern-antique* relics of a Pre-Adamite world.

Perhaps it may be asked here, "But do you intend to charge eminent scientific men with having been voluntarily either accomplices or victims of these 'pious frauds' in behalf of scientific truth?" Assuredly not; no more than I suppose Clemens Romanus himself to have forged the "Apostolical Constitutions," or that some great and good man, for his sins unlucky canonised as a saint, really bequeathed to the church all the rubbish, in shape of relics, which passes under his name. But in science, philosophy, and theology alike, men will exhibit the same strong hankering for evidence, where they *wish* an opinion to be true, and the same credulity in receiving it; and in all cases, there will be opportunely found those who will take advantage of this disposition, and provide any evidence that may be wanted. Let there be credulity enough, and money enough, and a man can get anything he wants, whether it be the toe or tooth of a Pre-Adamite man, or the toe or the tooth of a St. Francis or a St. Dominic. Let him bid high enough, and bring faith enough, and if he pleases, he can get a genuine spoon of Tubal-cain's own manufacture, inscribed with some hieroglyphics vouching to be the old metal-worker's own trade-mark, and purporting to mean, "Tubal-cain, maker, — Mesopotamia!"

I shall now proceed to notice the six doctrines to which you challenge my assent, on the grounds of science, but, as I affirm, in contravention of all true science. It will be observed that I need neither to impugn nor defend the conclusions themselves. I am concerned only to show that the faith often reposed in them is a mockery of genuine science, at war alike with the method of Bacon and the practice of Newton.

I. And the first I will mention is what you call "Uniformitarianism" in geology, for the idolatry of which, (in the language of a very able Edinburgh Reviewer,) it is

really not very easy to account by any thing but a certain "turn of thought" in the speculator; or in the language of Bacon, by an "*idolum specûs*," a misleading image in the philosopher's own mind.

According to this, we are, it seems, to assume, (for in the very nature of the case it can be nothing more,) that not only have precisely the same forces been always in operation in the production of terrestrial phenomena, but that in no past time have they operated with greater intensity than at present; that is, that the *rate* or law of change has never been other than it is now, or imperceptibly slow; that as we now see the sea gaining upon this shore and receding upon that, at the rate of a few score yards in a century, similarly slow have such changes ever been; that the vast mountain chains have been elevated to their present height by a movement absolutely insensible; and in one word, to use the favorite term of the advocates of this view — that there have been "no catastrophes" in the history of our world. The ground of such an hypothesis is of course that in the *present* condition of the world there is an *approximation* (for that is all) to such a supposed freedom from "catastrophes;" that is, during the comparatively brief experience of man; that is, again, we are to measure the depths of pre-historic time by our present experience: or, in the phraseology of Protagoras, "make man the measure of all things" in this matter.

Now the first thing that is to be said is, what is meant by a "catastrophe?" If it be meant that anything inconsistent with a precise law of absolute "continuity" in all geological phenomena, (indeed some expressly argue for such a law,) operating with the same imperceptibly slow *rate* of change, is it to be considered a catastrophe, — then we have no such condition, even *now*, as the hypothesis in question requires. We have "catastrophes" even *now*, quite sufficient in magnitude to suggest the analogy that in some periods of the world's "pre-historic" history there may have been greater "catastrophes," rather than that there were none. Certainly the tremendous earthquakes which have often shaken down whole cities, or the volcanic eruptions which have swallowed them up, — the inundations which have occasionally swept over whole provinces, — all these seem "catastrophes" sufficiently "catastrophic" to those who suffer from them, however little they may disturb the equanimity of the philosopher who quietly speculates about them 5000 miles off, or 2000 years after date. The earthquake of

Lisbon, which destroyed at once 60,000 human beings; the late cyclone at Calcutta, which killed as many, flooded 800 square miles of country, and resistlessly broke the barrier along 80 miles of coast, may surely claim to be called "catastrophes," if there be any meaning in the word at all. And even if *singly*, none were greater in pre-historic times, yet if they had only happened more frequently, (though happily without such "catastrophic" effects to human beings,) the law of geological "continuity" would seem to be sufficiently violated.

What is meant, then by no "catastrophes"? Is it meant, that none were *greater* than the *greatest* that have occurred during the historic period? What an arbitrary limitation is here! Not to repeat what has just been insisted upon, that even if there were no greater catastrophes, (but only more frequent,) all idea of a law of "continuity" would be torn to tatters; — who shall assure us that if there were any as great as the greatest that have occurred in historic time, that there may not have been still greater before it? Certainly, those we have seen suggest the idea that the tremendous forces which we thus know to exist in the bosom of Nature, may, for aught we can tell, have acted in remote ages with much more intensity and over much larger surfaces than at present. If it be said that the convulsions of this nature which we now witness are infinitesimal, *compared with* what would be required to elevate or submerge whole continents, the answer is, that these convulsions, though less extensive, are equally in the teeth of the *principle* assumed; equally a violation of an absolutely continuous and equable variation; not to say that, if we thus make the idea of a "catastrophe" purely relative to the sum of the unchanged, then the entire annihilation of our world would be but an infinitesimal event in relation to the entire system, or that of half-a-score of worlds still but infinitesimal in relation to the visible universe. They would be relatively no more "catastrophal" than the rolling of a pebble from Mont Blanc would be so to the mountain from which it was detached.

Moreover, it may be well suggested that if the changes of this nature that now take place are less frequent and destructive than those which *may* have visited our earth at earlier periods, it is precisely what we should expect, if God be indeed a beneficent Creator, and the system in which *man* was to play a part was to be preserved at all; that is, if there be really any propriety

in the language used by the most illustrious geologists, as well as by the rest of the world, and which supposes that the earth was *prepared* for the habitation of man. When man came to inhabit his house, if he was not to receive a "writ of ejectment" as soon as he got into it, it was essential that there should not be the tumultuous movements and astounding shocks which might occasionally shake it during the building. But not to insist on this; the changes which occur now are assuredly quite sufficiently startling, and wrought by a sufficiently terrible power, to show us what may have been.

To pass by these conjectures; — it may be added that it certainly seems more natural, judging from all the *appearances* of the earth, to suspect that those same forces which now occasionally act with a tremendous energy and intensity over a limited space, sometimes acted in like manner over far larger portions of our globe. The gigantic ravines, the cloven mountains, the earth in rents and fissures, the plicatures, contortions, and fractures of strata, displaced at every angle, all seem to point to occasional changes of prodigious magnitude rapidly effected, and by the operation of the most energetic forces. And even if it be admitted, that all such changes *might* be wrought by given forces operating with inconceivable slowness throughout an unlimited time, still, as they might be also produced by a force of given magnitude operating through a shorter time, either formula apart from other proofs, will be of equal mechanical value; not to say that there are phenomena, which, even in the estimation of the most eminent geologists, cannot be accounted for by the theory. Even a principal advocate for the uniformitarian view admits, "that many great rivers could never, even in millions of years, have excavated the valleys through which they flow." \*

But, above all, were it possible thus to account for the phenomena, still the question recurs, "What can we *know* about the matter?" How can we pretend to go back to those primeval ages, and penetrate those mysteries of the twilight of time? The rebuke of God to the patriarch might well be addressed to many a geologist who dogmatizes on this subject, — "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?"

Speaking of *apparent* violations of his law of geological continuity, one of the most

\* Cited in "Edinburgh Review," July, 1863, p. 290.

struous of its champions says that its advocate may with "just as much probability and confidence assert" that the revolutions in question have been produced by infinitesimally slow changes brought about along a period "enormous and incalculable, as the catastrophist can maintain it to have been brief and spasmodic."\* Precisely so, — a severe judge of evidence would reply. Apart from other and more decisive evidence, neither the one nor the other of you has any business to dogmatise on the matter, since both have got into regions which transcend the sphere of experience.

And if any scope at all is to be allowed to such a *a priori* reasoning, one would feel inclined to argue with the above very able writer in the "Edinburgh," that considering the infinite variety of nature, the theory of varying intensity of the great physical forces "seems intrinsically far more probable than a monotony of physical operation, the evidence of which seems to exist principally in the *turn of thought* of those who advocate it."

Of course, I do not pretend that it is possible to establish anything certain, by merely human light, on either side; though I think to most candid minds the appearances of the world rather favour another hypothesis than yours. Our very limited experience must be regarded as an altogether fallacious measure; yet it certainly seems not unreasonable, from the aspects of Nature, to surmise that both sudden revolutions and slow variations, intervals of intense action alternating with intervals of repose, have been employed, and probably contemporaneously, in the construction and development of the world. But, whether it be so or not, the question is, what just logical right can we have to lay down this "uniformitarianism" as a postulate, and to judge of all things in the immense series of pre-historic ages, by such an arbitrarily imagined law, deduced from the computed *rate* of present terrestrial change; — though, by the way, geologists differ by hundreds of thousands, and even millions of years, as to the time in which certain given changes have been wrought!

The notion is of course welcome to any one who is pre-determined that the world shall be of unlimited antiquity; for it makes even the commencement of the present human epoch recede into the dimmest distance. But to judge of past time by such a chronometer is, as a witty critic†

\* Baden Powell. "Order of Nature," p. 345.

† Or rather as three witty critics have said — for the same illustration seems to have occurred to, at all events has been used by, them all.

says, "much the same as if a man, finding that an individual nearly six feet in height had grown only half an inch last year, were to conclude that he must be 140 years old." In short, the principle is nothing but the fanciful extension of our limited experience to immense periods of which we know nothing. This principle is opposed by many eminent geologists with the vigour worthy of those who aspire to act upon Newton's great maxim: — "Hypotheses non fingo." "Do not geologists," as one, himself a celebrated geologist, says, "sometimes speak with needless freedom" — most people would say, most presumptuous freedom — "of the ages that have gone? Such expressions as that 'Time costs Nature nothing,' appear to me no better than the phrase which ascribes to Nature, 'the horror of a vacuum.'" (I would just add, that if Time costs Nature nothing — it seems to cost these speculators just as little.) "Are we to regard as information of value the assertion that *millions* on *millions* of ages have passed since the Epoch of Life in some of the earlier strata? Is not this abuse of arithmetic likely to lead to a low estimate of the evidence in support of such random conclusions, and of the uncritical judgment which so readily accepts them?"\*

II. Another favourite speculation of yours, as well as of some other votaries of science, I must think most strangely *unscientific*. I mean that by which, in your antipathy to the idea of "creation," you insist that all the forms of existence, organic and inorganic, have proceeded from one another in the course of an "orderly cosmical evolution," which leaves us without any necessity of speculating upon the fact of *origination*; that, in fact, "we have no reason to think that the universe ever had a beginning, any more than that it will ever have an end."

Now if you accepted the old atheistic hypothesis of the eternal existence of the world as it is, — of an eternal succession of men and mice, for example, and left the problem undetermined whether the first of the series of owls was an egg or an owl, — though I should not think your theory very scientific, I should at least cease to argue with you about it; but as you do not, and choose to chase all the fleeting forms of animated being, through all the diversities and modifications of genera and species, to a few (perhaps to one) "primordial forms," I confess I think your repugnance to the idea of "creation" has not relieved you

\* Phillips' Address to the Geological Society, cited in "Edinburgh review," 1863.

from the necessity of admitting it; and, as I will proceed to show, that you have left the great difficulty, from which the "turn of thought" of certain philosophers recoils, just where it was!

In one point we are both agreed. The absolute origination of anything is a notion incomprehensible by us,—transcendental to all the faculties of our nature. I, who admit, and you, who deny the Bible, are at one there. I admit that the conception of Creation,—the absolute *origination* of all things, or of *any* thing, is a conception derived thence, and thence alone; I believe it is a *fact*, however incomprehensible; but the appeal is to my faith: "By *faith* we know that the worlds were made by the word of God, and that things which are seen were not made of things that do appear." Everybody then, being agreed that this is the condition of all merely human speculation on the subject, one would think that the next thing to be said by *science* would be, "As this is a subject transcendental to us, let us scientific folks leave it alone." But no; you are not satisfied with such a simple, and *truly* scientific course, but proceed to lay down hypotheses by which the evolution of the whole visible creation is to be explained, not only without any *successive* acts of creation, but in such way, as to leave it in dubiety, whether there has been any such act at all!

These theories still relegate me, at last, to phenomena which leave me precisely in the original difficulty, a difficulty which you merely strive to hide from me, and from your own eyes, by removing the epoch of the origination of all things sufficiently far back, and tracing the succession of changes through a sufficiently long pedigree. "All living things," say some philosophers,— "the infinite diversities of animal forms, the exhaustless variety of species that people this world, were originated, not by creation, but out of one another, by a process of very slow development: men (say) from apes, apes from birds, birds from fishes, fishes from earlier and more rudimentary forms of life; and these, in all probability from three or four minute germs of vitality."

It is hard, of course, to say how *next* to nothing these were; but unhappily for the theorist they were still existent "somethings," and had life; and so we have the problem concerning "*origination*" brought back on our hands; for if "Ex nihilo nihil fit," be absolutely true, it is a difficulty that does not admit of degrees; the creation of an atom is as great a puzzle as the creation

of a world. In vain,—scandalized at the idea of creation,—in vain you tell me that your three or four "primordial forms" perhaps date from millions of millions of years ago, more or less; and I confess that a million of years, when you have the command of all time, are of little consequence. Indeed some of our geologic Pantheists who think that man is to become a God, seem to have already anticipated one of the divine attributes; for "a thousand years with them are as one day, and one day as a thousand years." But use your freedom; go as far back as you please; and what then?

I do not ask who gave you, on such a subject, this prodigious license of speculation; or how you came to have the right to talk thus freely of the transactions of millions of years ago; or how you can *know* anything of those successive changes by which you suppose the whole universe to have been thus evolved from a few primordial forms? I might ask all this, and possibly much more, before exercising a transcendental faith in transcendental speculations on questions which both of us admit to be transcendental. But a far more weighty objection is this—Do you flatter yourself that you have got rid of that ungrateful idea of "absolute creation"? and that it is no longer necessary to encumber yourself with it? What do you make out of those three or four primordial forms, or even that *one* "primordial form," to which some think these may possibly be reduced? Were these eternal? Had they eternal vitality within them,—though it was eternally latent?—latent, though at last destined to make up for the lost time, or rather a lost eternity, by evolving out of an invisible egg or two all the visible universe? or were they created out of nothing? In leaving us in doubt upon this point you leave the whole difficulty just where you found it. It is in vain for the theorist to tell us that he has, at all events, limited the successive acts of creation, and given the Deity a *minimum* to do: that the appearance of different species at different periods is all admirably provided for, by that theory by which he has so satisfactorily evolved men out of the ape, and the ape and all his ancestors out of other and still inferior beings. The answer, of course, will be,— "But the difficulty is to evade the idea of 'creation' itself. It is as easy for us to believe that that power, whatever it was, has repeated the act of creation, as that he has performed it once; that he has repeated it at different, widely different



stages of the history of the universe, as that he performed it *at all*. Nay, it is much easier than it would be to suppose the whole animated universe developed out of a seed, perhaps not half the size of a grain of millet."

Now to this question, as to the logical exigency of admitting "origination" at some time or other, I do not see that you give any other answer than an evasive one, which in fact amounts to this,—"But if the act of creation took place at all, it took place so long ago and such a great way off, that we had better say nothing about it." Say nothing, then, and give up those "primordial forms" which betray you while you think they conceal you.

"But it would be distressing to me," you may say, "to imagine that if there *be* a God, he has not proceeded in the way of gradual evolution according to a law which I can trace, and in analogy, at all events, with all those laws which I can see in operation about me, and in conformity with my infinitesimal experience." Yes—that is it: it is the "turn of thought" again; it is an *idolum tribus*, that is troubling you; you must make yourself and your experience the measure of all things; and in obedience to this, you will speak of ten thousand things of which you know nothing, and talk glibly of the events of millions of years ago, as of those of yesterday.

III. Subservient to the preceding speculation, and, like it, transcending the sphere of experience, is that doctrine of the transmutation of species, in which the old and, as it was at one time thought, exploded theory of Lamarck is substantially revived. I will be perfectly frank. I freely acknowledge to you that it is not the more than Ovidian *strangeness* of these metamorphoses that would at all stagger me, if you but give me evidence for them as plainly as you give me conjecture and fancy. They are to me as *miracles*, (which, I shall presently endeavour to show, in spite of your protest, they precisely resemble), and all I want is the proper *evidence* for them.—When I see the transformations which take place in this system of wonders in which we live; when I see what becomes of a grain of "mustard seed" thrown into the earth; when I see the grub transfigured into a winged butterfly; when I see the varieties of the same species which actually exist, (though the variation is still within moderate limits,) I hardly see why, in the abstract, anything may not be anything. But when I ask for the *facts* which are to sustain the prodigious theory that all

the genera and species of living things have proceeded from two or three "primordial" germs, perhaps even from one, then I feel I may indeed accept your theory as poetry, but I must renounce it as science. For surely you have the strangest way of reasoning. When I ask for specimens in the rocky cemeteries which contain the fossil relics of other extinct animals, of the tentative and transitional forms that must have existed, in numbers numberless, on such an hypothesis, you tell me that the geological eras are so vast that they have perished, and that it is unreasonable to ask for them. When I ask for proofs in historic time that such changes are going on now, you tell me that the whole of historic time is too short to give even an appreciable portion of so slow a transformation! So that, as the geologic eras are so vast that all the required proofs have perished, the historic period is too short to allow any of them to appear! How is it possible to refute,—but then, moreover, how is it possible to establish,—an hypothesis which is so conveniently provided with fanciful alternatives? If I complain of the absence of *experimental* proof, proof which seems to my weakness a necessary condition of *experimental* science, you refer me to Baden Powell, who says that, "Supposing it true that we have *no* experience of a particular event occurring, and supposing at the same time it could be shown that *if* that event *did actually occur*, we could never, (from the particular nature of the case,) have any *evidence* of its occurrence, then it is clear that the argument from *want* of experience must fall to the ground." Certainly;—but so must the argument for the actual occurrence of the event. Surely it is much as if a man, being asked for the proof of something that depended on documentary evidence, were to reply that it was unreasonable to expect or ask it; for that the document was burnt, and therefore, in the particular case, the proof *could* not be given! In short, I object to the speculation, not, as you say, because I believe it to be inconsistent with my "traditional beliefs," but because it seems to me an outrage on the principles of inductive science itself;—telling me to speculate in regions acknowledged to be transcendental to experience; telling me that the condition of doing so is to leave all experience behind me, and that I am not to wonder that I do not find its evidence there!

In truth, it seems to me, when I compare your reasoning on this subject with that on



other subjects,—that of “Uniformitarianism,” for example,—that you palpably play fast and loose with experience. In order to prove *that*, you will have experience paramount;—the present forces of nature, and none other, operating within precisely the present limits: when you want to prove “transmutation” of species, then the *want* of experience is of no consequence! Similarly, when you want to prove that no testimony can prove miracles, because these, you say, are opposed to experience, then experience is everything; when you want to prove your “transmutations” of species, of the same nature, and equally wonderful with miracles, (nay, more so, if many miracles be more wonderful than a few,) then experience so limited as ours is not worth mentioning! This clearly will not do. You appeal, as an inductive philosopher, to experience; and to experience you must go. As matters stand, you are tied to it, and untied, as pleases you. It is a sleight of hand, something like that of the “Davenport Brothers.”

By science, you are bound fast in the cords of *experience*; but no sooner are you in your Cabinet, than presto! the lights are put out—fiddles and trumpets played by supernatural agency come tumbling about us—mystic sounds of a dialect unknown to science murmur in our ears—and you are found liberated from your bonds. And thus we are to believe the whole story of transmutations, and that “anything may become anything,” all experience notwithstanding.

But assuredly Christians ought not to be twitted with excess of faith, when the votaries of Science can indulge in such *abandon* of fancy.

In another paper I shall briefly consider those remaining articles of your philosophic creed particularly urged on my consideration—namely, the alleged unlimited antiquity of *man*,—I mean the *genus Homo*, such as you and I belong to;—the incredibility of miracles;—and man’s predicted absolute mastery of all the secrets of nature.

**FOOD.**—Potatoes, which are a dearer food than meat for the supply of flesh, are far cheaper as a source of heat to the body, so with this view we associate them in our meals. Cheese gives us cheap flesh but dear fuel, so we take it with bread, which supplies the latter economically. Potatoes lay on flesh at an extravagant rate, so with potato-soup we mix peas, which add to its nutritive value and to their economy. The making of palatable mixtures of various kinds of food forms the art of cookery. It is a maxim as old as Hippocrates, that “whatever pleases the palate nourishes,” and it is only when taste becomes depraved by indulgence that the pleasure of eating becomes contemptible. Many dishes of the cook are full of scientific significance. As an illustration, let us ask, why are small square pieces of bread, fried in lard, sent up with vegetable soup? Because starch requires to be mixed with saliva before it is converted into sugar in the act of digestion, and as the soup would pass to the stomach without mastication, fried or hard bread protected from the water by fat, so as to prevent its softening, is taken along with the soup, and compels mastication and a flow of saliva. But if cooks exhibit important scientific applications, they often err from ignorance of science. All the sapid or tasting ingredients of flesh reside in its juices and not in the solid substance. If the flesh of a deer, an ox, a

pig, a cat, or a fox be well squeezed, so as to express their juices, what remains has the same vapid taste for all of them. For this reason roast or stewed meat is generally better flavoured than boiled, and the cook protects the juices by pouring melted fat over the joint during its roasting. In boiling meat for soup, cold water should be used at first, so as to extract as much of the nutritive juices as possible, and the heat be raised gradually. But if the meat be wanted in a boiled state for itself, and not for its soup, then it should be plunged at once into boiling water, and kept boiling for a few minutes, so that all the outer albumen may be coagulated, in order to imprison the sapid and nutritive juices; then cold water should be added till the temperature is reduced to 160 degrees, at which it should be kept till the cooking is completed, because that heat is necessary for the coagulation of the colouring matter of the blood. In all cases, no more heat than is sufficient should be employed in cooking. Thus, in making soup, all the fire in the world will not make the water hotter than its boiling temperature, at which point it can be retained by a very moderate expenditure of fuel. Violent ebullition, such as we cooks often practise, while it does no good, does much harm, not only by wasting coal, but also by carrying off in the steam much of the aromatic and volatile ingredients of the food.—*Good Words.*

## THE GLOVE.

SINCE you have asked, I needs but tell the history

Of how I gained yon pearly little glove :  
Alas ! it is the key to no soft mystery,  
Nor gage of tourney in the lists of love.

'Twas thus I found it, — through the city's bustle

I wandered one still autumn eve, alone :  
A tall slight form brushed by with silken rustle,  
And passed into a carriage, and was gone.

One glance I had, in that I caught the gleaming  
Of violet eyes, o'er which the rippling tress  
Glanced gold, — a face like those we see in dreaming,  
As perfect in its shadowy loveliness.

And so she passed, a glorious light about her  
Clothed, like a summer-dawn, in silver-gray,  
And left the crowded street as dark without her  
As winter skies whose moon has past away.

This little gauntlet which her hand was clasping,  
Fell from her as she reached the carriage door,  
And floated down, as flutters from the aspen  
Some trembling leaflet whose brief day is o'er.

And I, — I found it on the pavement lying,  
Pale as the marble Venus-missing hand,  
Or some small flake of foam which Ocean, flying,  
Leaves in a furrow of the moistened sand.

She was so like some queen of the ideal —  
With that bright bow, those soft eyes' shadowy gleam —

I fain would keep this pledge to prove her real,  
To mark her difference from an airy dream.

And though her glove has unto me been donor  
Of much sweet thought, yet I can think it well  
That she should know as little of its owner  
As I of her from whose fair hand it fell.

Why should I drag her from her high position,  
Her niche above this work-day world's long reach ?

Hardly a fact, nor wholly yet a vision,  
She joins for me the better parts of each.

—Public Opinion.

## RHYMES TO DECREASING CRINOLINE.

WITH exceeding satisfaction  
A remarkable contraction  
Of thy petticoat our eyes have lately seen ;  
The expanse of ladies' dress,  
Thank its yielding arbitress,  
Growing beautifully less,  
Crinoline.

On the flagstones of the street  
If a man two women meet,

He may pass, if pretty tolerably lean,  
And sufficiently alert,  
Stepping not into the dirt  
'Twixt the kennel and thy skirt,  
Crinoline.

Now, when ladies go to Court,  
Let us hope that no more sport  
They will furnish to the rabble vile and mean,  
While their clothes, for want of room,  
Stick right out of every brougham ;  
For retrenchment is thy doom,  
Crinoline.

There will soon be room for us  
In the public omnibus,  
When the middle class of ladies find the QUEEN,  
And the fair PRINCESS OF WALES,  
And Nobility's females,  
Have all had to reef their sails,  
Crinoline.

When to church young damsels go,  
Their habiliments to show,  
In their bonnets of magenta, mauve, and green,  
A not very spacious pew  
Will suffice to hold a few,  
If the darlings but eschew  
Crinoline.

No more ladies death will find,  
In their frames of steel calcined,  
Set on blazes by a grate without a screen :  
Though some cookmaids yet may flare,  
Who dress out, and don't take care,  
For the servants still will wear,  
Crinoline.

But the dashing stylish belles,  
And the exquisite fast swells,  
Will deride the grotesque fashion that has been  
For so long a time the rage  
In a comical past age :  
Thy preposterous old cage,  
Crinoline.

—Punch.

## BROADCAST THY SEED.

BROADCAST thy seed !  
Although some portion may be found  
To fall on uncongenial ground,  
Where sand, or shard, or stone may stay  
Its coming into light of day ;  
Or when it comes, some pestilent air  
May make it droop and wither there —  
Be not discouraged ; some will find  
Congenial soil, and gentle wind,  
Refreshing dew, and ripening shower,  
To bring it into beauteous flower,  
From flower to fruit, to glad thine eyes,  
And fill thy soul with sweet surprise.  
Do good, and God will bless thy deed —  
Broadcast thy seed !

— Chambers' Journal.

## PART III — CHAPTER IX.

It was not till Miss Marjoribanks had surmounted to a certain extent the vexation caused her by her unlucky confidence in Tom, that that unhappy young man took the step which Lucilla had so long dreaded, but which she trusted to her own genius to hinder him from carrying into execution. Miss Marjoribanks had extricated herself so triumphantly from the consequences of that unhappy commencement of the very charming luncheons which she gave in after times, that she had begun to forget the culpability of her cousin. She had defeated the Rector in his benevolent intentions, and she had taken up his *protégé* just at the moment when Mr Bury was most disgusted with the unfortunate woman's weakness. Poor Mrs. Mortimer, to be sure, had fainted; or been, near fainting, at the most inopportune moment, and it was only natural that the Rector should be annoyed; but as for Lucilla, who was always prompt in her actions and whose good-nature and liberality were undoubted, she found her opportunity in the failure of Mr. Bury's scheme. After the Rector had gone away, Miss Marjoribank's herself conducted the widow home, and heard all her story; and by this time Mrs. Mortimer's prospects were beginning to brighten under the active and efficient patronage of her new friend. This being the case, Lucilla's good-humour was perfectly restored, and she had forgiven Tom his maladroitness. "He cannot help it, you know," she said privately to old Mrs. Chiley: "I suppose some people are born to do ridiculous things." And it was indeed as if he had intended to give a practical illustration of the truth of the conclusion that Tom chose the particular moment he did for driving Miss Marjoribanks to the extremity of her patience. The upholsterers were in the house, and indeed had just finished putting up the pictures on the new paper in the drawing-room (which was green, as Lucilla had determined it should be, of the most delicate tint, and looked, as she flattered herself, exactly like silk hangings); and Mr. Holden himself waited with a certain complaisance for Miss Marjoribanks's opinion of the effect. He had no doubt on the subject himself; but he was naturally impressed as most people were, with that confidence in Lucilla's judgment which so much facilitates the operations of those persons who are born to greatness. It was precisely at this moment that his evil genius persuaded Tom Marjoribanks to interrupt Thomas, who was carrying Mr. Holden's message to

his young mistress, and to shut the library door upon the external world. Lucilla had taken refuge in the library during the renovation of the drawing-room; and she was aware that this was Tom's last day at Carlingford, and had no intention of being unkind to him. To tell the truth, she had at the bottom of her heart a certain regard and impulse of protection and patronage towards Tom, of which something might have come had the unlucky fellow known how to manage. But, at the same time, Miss Marjoribanks was aware that things must be approaching a crisis up-stairs, and was listening intently to the movements overhead, and wondering why she was not sent for. This was the moment of all others at which Tom thought fit to claim a hearing; and the state of Lucilla's feelings may be easily imagined when she saw him plant himself by her side, all trembling, with his face alternately red and white, and all the signs of a desperate resolution in his countenance. For the first time in her life a certain despair took possession of Miss Marjoribanks's mind. The sounds had suddenly ceased up-stairs, as if the artists there were making a pause to contemplate the effect of their completed work—which indeed was precisely the case—and at the same time nobody came to call her, important though the occasion was. She made a last effort to emancipate herself before it was too late.

"Ring please, Tom," she said; "I want to know if they have finished up-stairs. I am so sorry you are going away; but you know it is one of my principles never to neglect my duty. I am sure they must be waiting for me—if you would only be kind enough to ring."

"Lucilla," said Tom, "you know I would do anything in the world you liked to tell me; but don't ask me to ring just now: I am going to leave you, and there is something I must say to you, Lucilla," said the young man, with agitation. Miss Marjoribanks was seated near the window, and she had a moral certainty that if any of the Brown's happened to be in that ridiculous glass-house where they did their photography, they must have a perfectly good view of her, with Tom in the background, who had placed himself so as to shut her into the recess of the window. This coupled with the evidence of her senses that the workmen up-stairs had ceased their work, and that a slow footstep traversing the floor now and then was all that was audible, drove Lucilla to despair.

"Yes," she said, temporizing a little, which was the only thing she could do, "I am sure I am very sorry; but then, you

know, with the house in such a condition! Next time you come I shall be able to enjoy your society," said the designing young woman; "but at present I am so busy. It is one of my principles, you know, that things are never rightly done if the lady of the house does not pay proper attention. They are sure to make some dreadful mistake upstairs if I don't look after them. I shall see you again before you go."

"Lucilla, don't be so cruel!" cried the unlucky Tom, and he caught her hand though they were at the window; do stop a moment and listen to me. Lucilla! what does it matter about furniture and things when a man's heart is bursting?" cried the unfortunate lover; and just at that moment Miss Marjoribanks could see that the curtain was drawn aside a little — ever so little — in the glass-house. She sat down again with a sigh, and drew her hand away, and prepared herself to meet her fate with heroism at least

"What in the world can you have been doing?" said Lucilla, innocently; "you used always to tell me, I know when you got into any difficulty; and I am sure if I can be of any use to you, Tom —. But as for furniture and things, they matter a great deal, I assure you, to people's happiness; and then, you know, it is the object of my life to be a comfort to dear papa."

When she said this, Miss Marjoribanks settled herself again in the recess of the window, so that the Miss Browns could command a full view if they chose; for Lucilla's courage was of the highest order, and nothing, except, perhaps, a strategical necessity of profound importance, would have moved her to retreat before an enemy. As for Tom, he was bewildered, to start with, by this solemn repetition of her great purpose.

"I know how good you are, Lucilla," he said, with humility; "but my uncle, you know — I don't think he is a man to appreciate —. Oh, Lucilla! why should you go and sacrifice to him the happiness of your life?"

"Tom," said Miss Marjoribanks, with some solemnity, "I wish you would not talk to me of happiness. I have always been brought up to believe that duty was happiness, and everybody has known for a long time what was the object of my life. As for poor papa, it is the worse for him if he does not understand; but that does not make any difference to my duty," said the devoted daughter. She gave a little sigh as she spoke, the sigh of a great soul, whose motives must always remain to some extent unappreci-

ated; and the sight of her resignation and beautiful perseverance overwhelmed her unlucky suitor; for indeed, up to this moment, Lucilla still entertained the hope of preventing Tom from, as she herself described it, "saying the very words," which, to be sure, are awkward words to hear and to say.

"Lucilla, when you are so good to my uncle, you ought to have a little pity on me," said Tom, driven to the deepest despondency. "How do you think I can bear it, to see you getting everything done here, as if you meant so stay all your life — when you know I love you?" said the unfortunate young man; "when you know I have always been so fond of you, Lucilla, and always looked forward to the time —; and now it is very hard to see you care so little for me."

"Tom," said Miss Marjoribanks with indignant surprise, "how can you say I care little for you? you know I was always very fond of you, on the contrary. I am sure I always stood your friend at home, whatever happened, and never said a word when you broke that pretty little pearl ring I was so fond of, and tore the scarf my aunt gave me. I wonder, for my part, how you can be so unkind as to say so. We have always been the very best friends in the world," said Lucilla, with an air of injury. "I always said at school I liked you the best of all my cousins; and I am very fond of all my cousins." Miss Marjoribanks concluded, after a little pause; "It is so unkind to tell me that I don't care for you."

Poor Tom groaned within himself as he listened. He did not know what to answer to Lucilla's aggrieved yet frank confession of her fondness. Naturally it would have been much less displeasing to Tom to understand that she hated him, and never desired to see him any more. But Miss Marjoribanks was far from entertaining any such unchristian sentiments. She even began to forget her anxiety about what was going on up-stairs in that delightful sense of power and abundant resources with which she was mastering the present difficulty. She reflected in herself that though it was excessively annoying to be thus occupied at such a moment, still it was nearly as important to make an end of Tom as to see that the pictures were hung rightly; for to be sure it was always easy to return to the latter subject, accordingly, she drew her chair a little nearer to the window, and regarded Tom with a calm gaze of benevolent interest which was in perfect accordance with the sentiments she had just expressed; a look in which a little gentle reproach was

mingled. "I have always been like a sister to you," said Lucilla; "how can you be so unkind as to say I don't care?"

As for the unhappy Tom, he got up, as was natural, and took a little walk in front of the table, as a young man in trouble is apt to do. "You know very well that is not what I mean, Lucilla," he said, disconsolately. "It is you who are unkind. I don't know why it is that ladies are so cruel; I am not such a snob as to persecute anybody. But what is the good of pretending not to know what I mean?"

"Tom, listen!" cried Miss Marjoribanks, rising in her turn; "I feel sure they must have finished. There is Mr. Holden going through the garden. And everybody knows that hanging pictures is just the thing of all others that requires a person of taste. If they have spoiled the room, it will be all your fault."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, never mind the room!" said Tom. "I never thought you would have trifled with a man, Lucilla. You know quite well what I mean; you know it isn't a—new thing," said the lover, beginning to stammer and get confused. "You know that is what I have been thinking of all along, as soon as ever I had anything to live on. I love you, Lucilla; you know I love you! how can you trifle with me so?"

"It is you who are trifling," said Miss Marjoribanks, "especially when you know I have really something of importance to do. You can come up-stairs with me if you like. Of course we all love each other. What is the good of being relations otherwise?" said Lucilla, calmly; "it is such a natural thing you know. I suppose it is because you are going away that you are so affectionate to-day. It is very nice of you, I am sure; but, Tom, I feel quite certain you have not packed your things." Miss Marjoribanks added, in an admonitory tone. "Come along with me up-stairs."

And by this time Lucilla's curiosity was beginning again to get the upper hand. If she could only have escaped, it would have been impossible for her cousin to have renewed the conversation; and luckily he was to leave Carlingford the same evening; but then a man is always an inconsequent creature, and not to be calculated on. This time, instead of obeying as usual, Tom—having, as Miss Marjoribanks afterwards described (but only in the strictest confidence), "worked himself up to it"—set himself directly in her way, and seized upon both her hands.

"Lucilla," cried the unlucky fellow, "is it possible that you really have misunderstood

me all this time? Do you mean to say that you don't know? Oh, Lucilla, listen just five minutes. It isn't because I am your cousin. I wish to heaven I was not your cousin, but some one you had never seen before. I mean I want you to consent to—to to—to—marry me, Lucilla. That is what I mean. I am called to the bar, and I can work for you, and make a reputation. Lucilla, listen to what I have got to say."

Miss Marjoribanks left her hands in his with a calmness which froze poor Tom's heart in his breast. She did not even take the trouble to draw them away. "Have you gone out of your senses, Tom," she asked, in her sensible way; and she lifted her eyes to the face of the poor young fellow who was in love, with an inquiring look, as if she felt a little anxious about him. "If you have any feeling as if fever was coming on," said Lucilla, "I think you should go up-stairs and lie down a little till papa comes in. I heard there has been some cases down about the canal. I hope it is not the assizes that have been too much for you." When Miss Marjoribanks said this, she herself took fast hold of Tom's hands with a motherly grasp to feel if they were hot, and looked into his eyes with a certain serious inspection, which, under the circumstances, poor fellow! was enough to drive him out of the little rationality he had left.

Tom was so far carried away by his frenzy that he gave her a little shake in his impatience. "You are trying to drive me mad, Lucilla!" cried the young man. "I have got no fever. It is only you who are driving me out of my senses. This time you must hear me. I will not let you go till you have given me an answer. I am called to the bar, and I have begun my career," said Tom, making a pause for breath. "I knew you would have laughed at me when I was depending on my mother; but now all that is over, Lucilla. I have loved you as long as I can remember; and I always thought—that you—cared for me a little. If you will have me, there is nothing I could not do," said Tom, who thoroughly believed what he was saying; "and if you will not have me, I will not answer for the consequences. If I go off to India, or if I go to the bad"—

"Tom," said Lucilla, solemnly, and this time she drew away her hands, "if you ever want to get married, I think the very best thing you can do is to go to India. As for marrying just now at your age, you know you might as well jump into the sea. You need not be vexed," said Miss Marjoribanks, in her motherly way. "I would not speak



so if I was not your best friend, Tom. As for marrying me, you know it is ridiculous. I have not the least intention of marrying anybody. If I had thought of that, I need never have come home at all. As for your going to the bad, I am not afraid of that. If I were to let you carry on with such a ridiculous idea, I should never forgive myself. It would be just as sensible to go into a lunatic asylum at once. It is very lucky for you that you said this to me," Lucilla went on, "and not to one of the girls that think it great fun to be married. And if I were you, Tom, I would go and pack up my things. You know you are always too late; and don't jump on your portmanteau and make such a dreadful noise if it won't shut, but ring the bell for Thomas. You know we are to dine at half-past five to-day, to give you time for the train."

These were the last words Tom Marjoribanks heard as Lucilla left the room. She ran up to the drawing-room without losing a minute, and burst in upon the vacant place where Mr. Holden had stood so long waiting for her. To be sure, Miss Marjoribanks's forebodings were so far fulfilled that the St. Cecilia, which she meant to have over the piano, was hung quite in the other corner of the room, by reason of being just the same size as another picture at the opposite angle, which the workmen, sternly symmetrical, thought it necessary to "match." But, after all, that was a trifling defect. She stood in the middle of the room, and surveyed the walls, well pleased, with a heart which kept beating very steadily in her bosom. On the whole, perhaps, she was not sorry to have had it out with Tom. So far as he was personally concerned, Miss Marjoribanks, being a physician's daughter, had great faith in the *vis medicatrix* and was not afraid for her cousin's health or his morals, as a less experienced woman might have been. If she was angry with anybody, it was with herself, who had not taken sufficient precautions to avoid the explanation. "But, after all, everything is for the best," Lucilla said to herself, with that beautiful confidence which is common to people who have things their own way; and she devoted her mind to the St. Cecilia, and paid no more attention to Tom. It was not till more than an hour after that a succession of dreadful thumps were not only heard but felt throughout the house. It was Tom, but he was not doing any harm to himself. He was not blowing out his brains or knocking his head against the wall. He was only jumping on his portmanteau, notwithstanding that Lucilla had warned him against

such a proceeding—and in his state of mind the jumps were more frantic than usual. When Lucilla heard it, she rang the bell, and told Thomas to go and help Mr. Tom with his packing; from which it will be seen that Miss Marjoribanks bore no grudge against her cousin, but was disposed to send him forth in friendship and peace.

## CHAPTER X.

It was nearly six weeks after this when all Miss Marjoribanks's arrangements were completed, and she was able with satisfaction to herself to begin her campaign. It was just before Christmas, at the time above all others when society has need of a ruling spirit. For example, Mrs. Chiley expected the Colonel's niece, Mary Chiley, who had been married about six months before, and who was not found of her husband's friends, and at the same time had no home of her own to go to, being an orphan. The Colonel had invited the young couple by way of doing a kind thing, but he grumbled a little at the necessity, and had never liked the fellow, he said—and then what were two old people to do to amuse them? Then Mrs. Centum had her two eldest boys home from school, and was driven out of her senses by the noise and the racket, as she confided to her visitors. "It is all very well to make pretty pictures about Christmas," said the exasperated mother, "but I should like to know how one can enjoy anything with such a commotion going on. I get up every morning with a headache, I assure you; and then Mr. Centum expects me to be cheerful when he comes in to dinner; men are so unreasonable. I should like to know what *they* would do if they had what we have to go through: to look after all the servants—and they are always out of their senses at Christmas—and to see that the children don't have too much pudding, and to support all the noise. The holidays are the hardest work a poor woman can have," she concluded, with a sigh; and when it is taken into consideration that this particular Christmas was a wet Christmas, without any frost or possibility of amusement out of doors, English matrons in general will not refuse their sympathy to Mrs. Centum. Mrs. Woodburn perhaps was equally to be pitied in a different way. She had to receive several members of her husband's family, who were, like Miss Marjoribanks, without any sense of humour, and who stared, and did not in the least understand her when she "took off" any of her neighbours; not to say that some of them

were Low Church, and thought the practice sinful. Under these circumstances it will be readily believed that the commencement of Lucilla's operations was looked upon with great interest in Carlingford. It was so opportune that society forgot its usual instincts of criticism, and forgave Miss Marjoribanks for being more enlightened and enterprising than her neighbours; and then most people were very anxious to see the drawing-room, now it had been restored. This was a privilege, however, not accorded to the crowd. Mrs. Chiley had seen it under a vow of secrecy, and Mr. Cavendish owned to having made a run up-stairs one evening after one of Dr. Marjoribanks's little dinners, when the other *convives* were in the library, where Lucilla had erected her temporary throne. But this clandestine inspection met with the failure it deserved, for there was no light in the room except the moonlight, which made three white blotches on the carpet where the windows were burying everything else in the profoundest darkness; and the spy knocked his foot against something which reduced him to sudden and well-merited agony. As for Mrs. Chiley, she was discretion itself, and would say nothing even to her niece. "I mean to work her a footstool in water-lilies, my dear, like the one I did for you when you were married," the old lady said; and that was the only light she would throw on the subject. "My opinion is that it must be in crimson," Mrs. Woodburn said, when she heard this, "for I know your aunt's water-lilies. When I see them growing, I always think of you. It would be quite like Lucilla Marjoribanks to have it crimson—for it is a cheerful colour, you know, and quite different from the old furniture; and that would always be a comfort to her dear papa." From this it will be seen that the curiosity of Carlingford was excited to a lively extent. Many people even went so far as to give the Browns a sitting in their glass-house, with the hope of having a peep at the colour of the hangings at least. But Miss Marjoribanks was too sensible a woman to leave her virgin drawing-room exposed to the sun when there was any, and to the photographers, who were perhaps more dangerous. "I think it is blue, for my part," said Miss Brown, who had got into the habit of rising early in hopes of finding the Doctor's household off its guard. "Lucilla was always a great one for blue; she thinks it is becoming to her complexion;" which, indeed, as the readers of this history are aware, was a matter of fact. As for Miss Marjoribanks, she did her best to keep up

this agreeable mystery. "For my part, I am fond of neutral tints," she herself said, when she was questioned on the subject; "anybody who knows me can easily guess my taste. I should have been born a Quaker, you know, I do so like the drabs and grays, and all those soft colours. You can have as much red and green as you like abroad, where the sun is strong, but here it would be bad style," said Lucilla; from which the most simple-minded of her auditors drew the natural conclusion. Thus all the world contemplated with excitement the first Thursday which was to open this enchanted chamber to their admiring eyes. "Don't expect any regular invitation," Miss Marjoribanks said. "I hope you will all come, or as many of you as can. Papa has always some men to dinner with him that day, you know, and it is so dreadfully slow for me with a heap of men. That is why I fixed on Thursday. I want you to come every week, so it would be absurd to send an invitation; and remember it is not a party, only an evening," said Lucilla. "I shall wear a white frock high, as I always do. Now be sure you come."

"But we can't all go in high white frocks," said Mrs. Chiley's niece, Mary, who, if her *trousseau* had been subtracted from the joys of marriage, would not, poor soul! have found very much left. This intimation dismayed the bride a little; for, to be sure, she had decided which dress she had to wear before Lucilla spoke.

"But, my dear, you are married," said Miss Marjoribanks; "that makes it quite different: come in that pretty pink that is so becoming. I don't want to have any dowdies, for my part; and don't forget that I shall expect you all at nine o'clock."

When she had said this, Miss Marjoribanks proceeded on her way, sowing invitations and gratification round her. She asked the youngest Miss Brown to bring her music, in recognition of her ancient claims as the songstress of society in Carlingford; for Lucilla had all that regard for constituted rights which is so necessary to a revolutionary of the highest class. She had no desire to shock anybody's prejudices or wound anybody's feelings. "And she has a nice little voice," Lucilla said to herself, with the most friendly and tolerant feelings. Thus Miss Marjoribanks prepared to establish her kingdom with a benevolence which was almost utopian, not upon the ruins of other thrones, but with the good will and co-operation of the lesser powers, who were, to be sure, too feeble to resist her advance, but whose rights she was quite ready to rec-

ognize, and even to promote, in her own way.

At the same time it is necessary here to indicate a certain vague and not disagreeable danger, which appeared to some experienced persons to shadow Lucilla's conquering way. Mr. Cavendish, who was a young man of refinement, not to say that he had a very nice property, had begun to pay attention to Miss Marjoribanks in what Mrs. Chiley thought quite a marked way. To be sure, he could not pretend to the honour of taking her in to dinner, which was not his place, being a young man; but he did what was next best, and manœuvred to get the place on her left hand, which, in a party composed chiefly of men, was not difficult to manage. For, to tell the truth, most of the gentlemen present were at that special moment more interested in the dinner than in Lucilla. And after dinner it was Mr. Cavendish who was the first to leave the room; and to hear the two talking about all the places they had been to, and all the people they had met, was as good as a play, Mrs. Chiley said. Mr. Cavendish confided to Lucilla his opinions upon things in general, and accepted the reproofs which she administered (for Miss Marjoribanks was quite unquestionable in her orthodoxy, and thought it a duty, as she said, always to speak with respect of religion) when his sentiments were too speculative, and said, "How charming is divine philosophy!" so as, for the moment, to dazzle Lucilla herself, who thought it a very pretty compliment. He came to her assistance when she made tea, and generally fulfilled all the duties which are expected of a man who is paying attention to a young lady. Old Mrs. Chiley watched the nascent regard with her kind old grandmotherly eyes. She calculated over in her own mind the details of his possessions, so far as the public was aware of them, and found them on the whole satisfactory. He had a nice property, and then he was a very nice, indeed an unexceptionable young man; and to add to this, it had been agreed between Colonel Chiley and Mr. Centum, and several other of the leading people in Carlingford, that he was the most likely man to represent the borough when old Mr. Chiltern, who was always threatening to retire, fulfilled his promise. Mr. Cavendish had a very handsome house a little out of Carlingford, where a lady would be next thing to a county lady—indeed quite a county lady, if her husband was the Member for Carlingford. All these thoughts passed through Mrs. Chiley's mind, and, as was natural, in the precious moments after

dinner, were suggested in occasional words of meaning to the understanding ear of Miss Marjoribanks. "My dear Lucilla, it is just the position that would suit you—with your talents!" the old lady said; and Miss Marjoribanks did not say No. To be sure, she had not at the present moment the least inclination to get married, as she truly said; it would, indeed, to tell the truth, disturb her plans considerably; but still if such was the intention of Providence, and if it was to the Member for Carlingford, Lucilla felt that it was still credible that everything might be for the best. "But it is a great deal too soon to think of anything of that sort," Miss Marjoribanks would reply. "If I had thought of that, I need never have come home at all, and especially when papa has been so good about everything. Yet for all that she was not ungracious to Mr. Cavendish when he came in first as usual. To marry a man in his position would not, after all, be deranging her plans to any serious extent. Indeed, it would, if his hopes were realized, constitute Lucilla a kind of queen in Carlingford, and she could not but feel that, under these circumstances, it might be a kind of duty to reconsider her resolution. And thus the time passed while the drawing-room was undergoing renovation. Mr. Cavendish had been much tantalized, as he said, by the absence of the piano, which prevented them from having any music, and Lucilla had even been tempted into a few snatches of song, which, to tell the truth, some of the gentlemen present, especially the Doctor himself and Colonel Chiley, being old-fashioned, preferred without the accompaniment. And thus it was, under the most brilliant auspices, and with the full confidence of all her future constituency, that Miss Marjoribanks superintended the arrangement of the drawing-room on that momentous Thursday, which was to be the real beginning of her great work in Carlingford.

"My dear, you must leave yourself entirely in my hands, Lucilla said to Barbara Lake on the morning of that eventful day. "Don't get impatient. I dare say you don't know many people, and it may be a little slow for you at first; but everybody has to put up with that, you know, for a beginning. And, by the by, what are you going to wear?"

"I have not thought about it," said Barbara, who had the painful pride of poverty, aggravated much by a sense that the comforts of other people were an injury to her. Poor soul! She had been thinking of little else for at least a week past; and then she

had not very much choice in her wardrobe; but her temperament was one which rejected sympathy, and she thought it would look best to pretend to be indifferent. At the same time, she said this with a dull colour on her cheeks, the colour of irritation; and she could not help asking herself why Lucilla who was not so handsome as she was, had the power to array herself in gorgeous apparel, while she, Barbara, had nothing but a white frock. There are differences even in white frocks, though the masculine mind may be unaware of them. Barbara's muslin had been washed six times, and had a very different air from the vestal robes of her patroness. To be sure, Lucilla was not taken in, in the least, by her companion's look of indifference, and, to tell the truth, would have been delighted to have bestowed a pretty dress upon Barbara, if that had been a possible thing to do.

"There will be no dress," said Miss Marjoribanks, with solemnity. "I have insisted upon that. You know it is not a party, it is only an evening. A white frock, *high*—that is all I mean to wear; and mind you don't lose patience. I shall keep my eye on you; and after the first, I feel sure you will enjoy yourself. Good-bye for the present." Miss Marjoribanks went away to pursue her preparations, and Barbara proceeded to get out her dress and examine it. It was as important to her as all the paraphernalia of the evening arrangements were to Lucilla. To be sure, there were greater interests involved in the case of the leader; but then Barbara was the soldier of fortune who had to open the oyster with her sword, and she was feeling the point of it metaphorically while she pulled out the breadths of her white dress, and tried to think that they would not look limp at night; and what her sentiments lost in breadth, as compared with Lucilla's, they gained in intensity, for— for anything she could tell—her life might change colour by means of this Thursday evening; and, such indeed, was her hope. Barbara prepared for her first appearance in Grange Lane with a mind wound up to any degree of daring. It did not occur to her that she required to keep faith with Miss Marjoribanks in anything except the duet. For other matters Barbara was quite unscrupulous, for at the bottom she could not but feel that any one who was kind to her was taking an unwarrantable liberty. What right had Lucilla Marjoribanks to be kind to her? as if she was not as good as Lucilla any day! and though it might be worth her while to take advantage of it for the moment, it was still an insult, in its way, to be

avenged if an opportunity ever should arise.

The evening came, as evenings do come quite indifferently whether people are glad or sorry; and it was with a calmness which the other ladies regarded as next to miraculous that Miss Marjoribanks took Colonel Chiley's arm to go to the dining-room. We say the other ladies, for on this great occasion, Mrs. Centum and Mrs. Woodburn were both among the dinner guests. "To see her eat her dinner as if she had nothing on her mind!" Mrs. Centum said in amazement: "as for me, though nobody can blame me if anything goes wrong, I could enjoy nothing for thinking of it. And I must say I was disappointed with the dinner," she added, with a certain air of satisfaction, in Mrs. Woodburn's ear. It was when they were up-stairs, and Lucilla was behind with Mrs. Chiley. "The fuss the men have always made about these dinners! and except for a few made dishes that were really nothing, you know, I can't say I saw anything particular in it. But as for Lucilla, I can't think she has any feeling," said the banker's wife.

"Oh, my dear, it is because you don't understand," said Mrs. Woodburn. "She is kept up, you know, by a sense of duty. It is all because she has set her heart on being a comfort to her dear papa!"

Such, it is true, were the comments that were made upon the public-spirited young woman who was doing so much for Carlingford; but then Lucilla only shared the fate of all the great benefactors of the world. An hour later the glories of the furniture were veiled and hidden in a radiant flood of society, embracing all that was most fair and all that was most distinguished in Carlingford. No doubt this was a world of heterogeneous elements; but then if there had not been difficulties where would have been the use of Miss Marjoribanks's genius? Mr. Bury and his sister, who had been unconsciously mollified by the admirable dinner provided for them down-stairs, found some stray lambs in the assembly who were in need of them, and thus had the double satisfaction of combining pleasure with duty; and though there were several people in the room whose lives were a burden to them in consequence of Mrs. Woodburn's remarkable gift, even they found it impossible not to be amused by an occasional representation of an absent individual, or by the dashing sketch of Lucilla, which she gave at intervals in her corner, amid the smothered laughter of the audience, who were half ashamed of themselves. "She is never ill-tempered, you



know," the persons who felt themselves threatened in their turn said to each other with a certain piteous resignation; and oddly enough it was in general the most insignificant people about who were afraid of Mrs. Woodburn. It is needless to say that such a dread never entered the serene intelligence of Miss Marjoribanks, who believed in herself with a reasonable and steady faith. As for old Mrs. Chiley, who had so many funny little ways, and whom the mimic executed to perfection, she also was quite calm on the subject. "You know there is nothing to take off in me," the old lady would say; "I always was a simple body: and then I am old enough to be all your grandmothers, my dear;" which was a saying calculated, as Miss Marjoribanks justly observed to melt a heart of stone. Then the Miss Browns had brought their photographs in which most people in Grange Lane were caricatured hideously, but with such a charming equality that the most *exigeant* forgave the wrong to himself in laughing at his neighbours. Miss Brown had brought her music too, and sang her feeble little strain to the applause of her immediate neighbours, and to the delight of those who were at a distance, and who could talk louder and flirt more openly under cover of the music; and there were other young ladies who had also come prepared with a little roll of songs or "pieces," Lucilla, with her finger as it were upon the pulse of the company, let them all exhibit their powers with that enlightened impartiality which we have already remarked in her. When Mr. Cavendish came to her in his ingratiating way, and asked her how she should possibly let all the sparrows chirp like that when the nightingale was present, Miss Marjoribanks proved herself proof to the flattery. She said, "Do go away, like a good man, and make yourself agreeable. There are so few men, you know, who can flirt in Carlingford. I have always reckoned upon you as such a valuable assistant. It is always such an advantage to have a man who flirts," said Miss Marjoribanks. This was a sentiment perhaps too large and enlightened, in the truest sense of the word, to meet, as it ought to have done, with the applause of her audience. Most of the persons immediately surrounding her thought, indeed, that it was a mere *bon-mot* to which Lucilla had given utterance, and laughed accordingly; but it is needless to explain that these were persons unable to understand her genius. All this time she was keeping her eyes upon a figure in the corner of a sofa, which looked as if it were glued there, and kept staring

defiance at the world in general from under black and level brows. Lucilla, it is true, had introduced Barbara Lake in the most flattering way to Mrs. Chiley, and to some of the young ladies present; but then she was a stranger, and an intruder into those regions of the blest, and she could not help feeling so. If her present companions had not whispered among themselves, "Miss Lake! what Miss Lake? Good gracious! Lake the drawing-master's daughter!" she herself would still have reminded herself of her humble paternity. Barbara sat as if she could not move from that corner, looking out upon everybody with scared eyes, which expressed nothing but defiance, and in her own mind making the reflections of bitter poverty upon the airy pretty figures round her, in all the variations of that costume which Miss Marjoribanks had announced as the standard of dress for the evening. Barbara's muslin, six times washed, was not more different from the spotless lightness of all the draperies round her, than was her air of fright, and at the same time of defiance from the gay babble and pleasant looks of the group which, by a chance combination, she seemed to form part of. She began to say to herself that she had much better go away and that there never could be anything in common between those frivolous creatures and her, who was a poor man's daughter; and she began to get dreadfully exasperated with Lucilla, who had beguiled her into this scene to make game of her, as poor Barbara said; though, so far from making game of her, nobody took much notice, after the first unsuccessful attempt at conversation of the unfortunate young woman. It was when she was in this unhappy humour that her eyes fell upon Mr. Cavendish, who was in the act of making the appeal to Lucilla which we have already recorded. Barbara had never as yet had a lover, but she had read an unlimited number of novels, which came to nearly the same thing, and she saw at a glance that this was somebody who resembled the indispensable hero. She looked at him with a certain fierce interest and remembered at that instant how often in books it is the humble heroine, behind backs, whom all the young ladies snub, who wins the hero at the last. And then Miss Marjoribanks, though she sent him away, smiled benignantly upon him. The colour flushed to Barbara's cheeks, and her eyes, which had grown dull and fixed between fright and spite, took sudden expression under her straight brows. An intention, which was not so much an intention as an instinct, suddenly sprang into life within her; and with-



out knowing, she drew a long breath of eagerness and impotence. He was standing quite near by this time, doing his duty according to Miss Marjoribanks's orders, and flirting with all his might; and Barbara looked at him just as a hungry school-boy might be supposed to look at a tempting apple just out of his reach. How was she to get at this suitor of Lucilla's? It would have given her so pure a delight to tear down the golden apple, and tread on it, and trample it to nothing; and then it came into her head that it might be good to eat as well.

It was at this moment that Miss Marjoribanks, who was in six places at once, suddenly touched Barbara's shoulder. "Come with me a minute; I want to show you something," she said loud out. Barbara, on her side, looked round with a crimson countenance, feeling that her secret thoughts must be written in her guilty eyes. But then these were eyes which could be utterly destitute of expression when they pleased, though their owner, at present just at the beginning of her experience, was not quite aware of the fact. She stumbled to her feet with all the awkwardness natural to that form of shyness which her temper and her temperament united to produce in her. She did all but put her foot through Miss Brown's delicate skirt, and she had neither the natural disposition nor the acquired grace which can carry off one of those trifling offences against society. Nevertheless, as she stood beside Lucilla at the piano, the company in general owned a little thrill of curiosity. Who was she? A girl with splendid black hair, with brows as level as if they had been made with a line, with intense eyes which looked a little oblique under that straight bar of shadow. Her dress was limp, but she was not such a figure as can be passed over even at an evening party; and then her face was a little flushed, and her eyes lit up with excitement. She seemed to survey everybody with that defiant look which was chiefly awkwardness and temper, but which looked like pride when she was standing up at her full height, and in a conspicuous position, where everybody could see her. Most people concluded she was an Italian whom Lucilla had picked up somewhere in her travels. As for Mr. Cavendish, he stopped short altogether in the occupation which Miss Marjoribanks had allotted to him, and drew close to the piano. He thought he had seen the face somewhere under a shabby bonnet in some by-street of Carlingford, and he was even sufficiently learned in female apparel to observe the limpness of her dress.

This preface of curiosity had all been for-

seen by Miss Marjoribanks, and she paused a moment, under pretence of selecting her music, to take the full advantage of it; for Lucilla, like most persons of elevated aims, was content to sacrifice herself to the success of her work; and then all at once, before the Carlingford people knew what they were doing, the two voices rose, bursting upon the astonished community like a sudden revelation. For it must be remembered that nobody in Carlingford, except the members of Dr. Marjoribanks's dinner-party, had ever heard Lucilla sing, much less her companion; and the account which these gentlemen had carried home to their wives had been generally pooh-poohed and put down. "Mr. Centum never listens to a note if he can help it," said the banker's wife, "and how could he know whether she had a nice voice or not?" which, indeed, was a powerful argument. But this evening there could be no mistake about it. The words were arrested on the very lips of the talkers; Mrs. Woodburn paused in the midst of doing Lucilla, and, as we have before said, Mr. Cavendish broke a flirtation clean off at its most interesting moment. It is impossible to record what they sang, for those events, as everybody is aware, happened a good many years ago, and the chances are that the present generation has altogether forgotten the duet which made so extraordinary an impression on the inhabitants of Grange Lane. The applause with which the performance was received reached the length of a perfect ovation. Barbara, for her part, who was not conscious of having ever been applauded before, flushed into splendid crimson, and shone out from under her straight eyebrows, intoxicated into absolute beauty. As for Miss Marjoribanks, she took it more calmly. Lucilla had the advantage of knowing what she could do, and accordingly she was not surprised when people found it remarkable. She consented on urgent persuasion, to repeat the last verse of the duet, but when that was over, was smilingly obdurate. "Almost everybody can sing," said Miss Marjoribanks, with a magnificent depreciation of her own gift. "Perhaps Miss Brown will sing us something; but as for me, you know, I am the mistress of the house." She had to go away to attend to her guests, and she left Barbara still crimson and splendid, triumphing over her limp dress and all her disadvantages by the piano. Fortunately, for that evening Barbara's pride and her shyness prevented her from yielding to the repeated demands addressed to her by the admiring audience. She said to Mr. Cavendish, with a disloyalty which

that gentleman thought piquant, that "Miss Marjoribanks would not be pleased;" and the future Member for Carlingford thought he could not do better than obey the injunctions of the mistress of the feast by a little flirtation with the gifted unknown. To be sure, Barbara was not gifted in talk, and she was still defiant and contradictory; but then her eyes were blazing with excitement under her level eyebrows, and she was as willing to be flattered with as if she had known a great deal better. And then Mr. Cavendish had a weakness for a contralto. While this little by-play was going on, Lucilla was moving about the centre of a perfect tumult of applause. No more complete success could be imagined than that of this first Thursday evening, which was remarkable in the records of Carlingford; and yet perhaps Miss Marjoribanks like other conquerors, was destined to build her victory upon sacrifice. She did not feel any alarm at the present moment; but even if she had, that would have made no difference to Lucilla's proceedings. She was not the woman to shrink from a sacrifice when it was for the promotion of the great object of her life; and that, as everybody knew who knew Miss Marjoribanks, was to be a comfort to her dear papa.

## CHAPTER XI.

"You have never told us who your unknown was," said Mr. Cavendish. "I suppose she is professional. Carlingford could not possibly possess two such voices in private life."

"Oh, I don't know about two such voices," said Miss Marjoribanks; "her voice suits mine, you know. It is always a great thing to find two voices that suit. I never would choose to have professional singers, for my part. You have to give yourself up to music when you do such a thing, and that is not my idea of society. I am very fond of music," said Lucilla — "excessively fond of it; but then everybody is not of my opinion — and one has to take so many things into consideration. For people who give one party in the year it does very well — but then I hate parties: the only pleasure in society is when one's friends come to see one without any ado."

"In white frocks, *high*," said Mrs. Woodburn, who could not help assuming Lucilla's manner for the moment, even while addressing herself; but as the possibility of such a *lèse-majesté* did not even occur to Miss Marjoribanks, she accepted the observation in good faith.

"Yes; I hate a grand toilette when it is only a meeting of friends," she said — "for the girls, you know; of course you married ladies can always do what you like. You have your husbands to please," said Lucilla. And this was a little hard upon her satirist, for, to tell the truth, that was a particular of domestic duty to which Mrs. Woodburn did not much devote herself, according to the opinion of Grange Lane.

"But about the contralto," said Mr. Cavendish, who had come to call on Miss Marjoribanks under his sister's wing, and desired above all things to keep the peace between the two ladies, as indeed is a man's duty under such circumstances. "You are always statesmanlike in your views; but I cannot understand why you let little Molly Brown carry on her chirping when you had such an astonishing force in reserve. She must have been covered with confusion, the poor little soul."

"Nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Woodburn, pursuing her favourite occupation as usual. "She only said, 'Goodness me! how high Lucilla goes! Do you like that dreadfully high music?' and made little eyebrows." To be sure, the mimic made Miss Brown's eyebrows, and spoke in her voice, so that even Lucilla found it a little difficult to keep her gravity. But then Miss Marjoribanks was defended by her mission, and she felt in her heart that, representing public interest as she did, it was her duty to avoid all complicity in any attack upon an individual; and consequently, to a certain extent, it was her duty also to put Mrs. Woodburn down.

"Molly Brown has a very nice little voice," said Lucilla with most disheartening gravity. "I like to hear her sing, for my part — the only thing is that she wants cultivation a little. It doesn't matter much, you know, whether or not you have a voice to begin with. It is cultivation that is the thing," said Miss Marjoribanks, deliberately. "I hope you *really* thought it was a pleasant evening. Of course everybody said so to me; but then one can never put any faith in that. I have said it myself ever so many times when I am sure I did not mean it. For myself, I don't give any importance to the first evening. Anybody can do a thing once, you know; the second and the third, and so on — that is the real test. But I hope you thought it pleasant so far as it went."

"It was a great deal more than pleasant," said Mr. Cavendish; "and as for your conception of social politics, it is masterly," the future M. P. added, in a tone which struck Lucilla as very significant; not that she

cared particularly about Mr. Cavendish's meaning, but still, when a young man who intends to go into Parliament congratulates a young lady upon her statesmanlike views and her conception of politics, it must be confessed that it looks a little particular; and then, if that was what he meant, it was no doubt Lucilla's duty to make up her mind.

"Oh, you know, I went through a course of political economy at Mount Pleasant," she said, with a laugh; "one of the Miss Blounts was dreadfully strong-minded. I wonder, for my part, that she did not make me literary; but fortunately I escaped that."

"Heaven be praised!" said Mr. Cavendish. "I think you ought to be Prime-minister. That contralto of yours is charming raw material; but if I were you, I would put her through an elementary course. She knows how to sing, but she does not know how to move; and as for talking, she seems to expect to be insulted. If you make a pretty-behaved young lady out of that, you will beat Adam Smith."

"Oh, I don't know much about Adam Smith," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I think Miss Martha thought him rather old-fashioned. As for poor Barbara, she is only a little shy, but that will soon wear off. I don't see what need she has to talk—or to move either, for that matter. I thought she did very well indeed for a girl who never goes into society. Was it not clever of me to find her out the very first day I was in Carlingford? It has always been so difficult to find a voice that went perfectly with mine."

"For my part, I think it was a great deal more than clever," said Mr. Cavendish; for Mrs. Woodburn, finding herself unappreciated, was silent and making notes. "It was a stroke of genius. So her name is Barbara? I wonder if it would be indiscreet to ask where Mademoiselle Barbara comes from, or if she belongs to anybody, or lives anywhere. My own impression is that you mean to keep her shut up in a box all the week through, and produce her only on the Thursday evenings. I have a weakness for a fine contralto. If she had been existing in an ordinary habitation like other people in Carlingford, I should have heard her, or heard of her. It is clear to me that you keep her shut up in a box."

"Exactly," said Lucilla. "I don't mean to tell you anything about her. You may be sure, now I have found her out, I mean to keep her for myself. Her box is quite a pretty one, like what Gulliver had somewhere. It is just time for lunch, and you are both going to stay, I hope; and there is

poor Mary Chiley and her husband coming through the garden. What a pity it is he is such a goose!"

"Yes; but you know she never would take her uncle's advice, my dear," said the incorrigible mimic, putting on Mrs. Chiley's face; "and being an orphan, what could anybody do? And then she does not get on with *his* family. By the way," Mrs. Woodburn said, falling into her natural tone, if indeed she could be said to have a natural tone—"I wonder if anybody ever does get on with her husband's family." The question was one which was a little grave to herself at the moment; and this was the reason why she returned to her identity—for there was no telling how long the Woodburns, who had come for Christmas, meant to stay. "I shall be quite interested to watch *you*, Lucilla, when it comes to be your turn, and see how you manage," she went on, with a keen look at Miss Marjoribanks; and Mr. Cavendish laughed. He too looked at her, and Lucilla felt herself in rather a delicate position: not that she was agitated, as might have been the case had the future M.P. for Carlingford "engaged her affections," as she herself would have said. Fortunately these young affections were quite free as yet; but nevertheless Miss Marjoribanks felt that the question was a serious one, as coming from the sister of a gentleman who was undeniably paying her attention. She did not in the least wish to alarm a leading member of a family into which it was possible she might enter; and then at the same time she intended to reserve fully all her individual rights.

"I always make it a point never to shock anybody's prejudices," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I should do just the same with *them* as with other people; all you have to do is to show from the first that you mean to be good friends with everybody. But then I am so lucky: I can *always* get on with people," said Lucilla, rising to greet the two unfortunates who had come to Colonel Chiley's to spend a merry Christmas, and who did not know what to do with themselves. And then they all went down stairs and lunched together very pleasantly. As for Mr. Cavendish, he was "quite devoted," as poor Mary Chiley said, with a touch of envy. To be sure, her *trousseau* was still in its full glory; but yet life under the conditions of marriage was not nearly such fun as it had been when she was a young lady, and had some one paying attention to her: and she rather grudged Lucilla that climax of existence, notwithstanding her own superior standing and dignity as a married lady.

And Mrs. Woodburn too awoke from her study of the stupid young husband to remark upon her brother's behaviour: she had not seen the two together so often as Mrs. Chiley had done, and consequently this was the first time that the thought had occurred to her. She too had been born "one of the Cavendishes," as it was common to say in Carlingford, with a certain imposing yet vague grandeur, and she was a little shocked, like any good sister, at the first idea. She watched Lucilla's movements and looks with a quite different kind of attention after this idea struck her, and made a rapid private calculation as to who Dr. Marjoribanks's connections were, and what he would be likely to give his daughter; so that it is evident that Lucilla did not deceive herself, but that Mr. Cavendish's attentions must have been marked indeed.

This was the little cloud which arose, as we have said, no bigger than a man's hand, over Miss Marjoribanks's prosperous way. When the luncheon was over and they had all gone, Lucilla took a few minutes to think it over before she went out. It was not that she was unduly flattered by Mr. Cavendish's attentions, as might have happened to an inexperienced young woman; for Lucilla, with her attractions and genius, had not reached the mature age of nineteen without receiving the natural homage of mankind on several clearly-defined occasions. But then the present case had various features peculiar to itself, which prevented Lucilla from crushing it in the bud, as she had meant to do with her cousin's ill-fated passion. She had to consider, in the first place, her mission in Carlingford, which was more important than anything else; but though Miss Marjoribanks had vowed herself to the re-organization of society in her native town, she had not by any means vowed that it was absolutely as Miss Marjoribanks that she was to accomplish that renovation. And then there was something in the very idea of being M.P. for Carlingford which moved the mind of Lucilla. It was a perfectly ideal position for a woman of her views, and seemed to offer the very field that was necessary for her ambition. This was the reason, of all others, which made her less careful to prevent Mr. Cavendish from "saying the words" than she had been with Tom. To be sure, it would be a trial to leave the drawing-room after it had just been furnished so entirely to her liking—not to say to her complexion; but still it was a sacrifice which might be made. It was in this way that Miss Marjoribanks prepared herself for the possible modifications which circum-

stances might impose. She did not make any rash resolution to resist a change which, on the whole, might possibly be "for the best," but prepared herself to take everything into consideration, and possibly to draw from it a superior good: in short, she looked upon the matter as a superior mind, trained in sound principles of political economy, might be expected to look upon the possible vicissitudes of fortune, with an enlightened regard to the uses of all things, and to the comparative values on either side.

Barbara Lake, as it happened, was out walking at the very moment when Miss Marjoribanks sat down to consider this question. She had gone to the school of design to meet Rose, with an amiability very unusual in her. Rose had made such progress, after leaving Mount Pleasant, under her father's care, and by the help of that fine feeling for art which has been mentioned in the earlier part of this history, that the charge of the female pupils in the school of design had been confided to her, with a tiny little salary, which served Mr. Lake as an excuse for keeping his favorite little daughter with him.

Nothing could be supposed more unlike Barbara than her younger sister, who just came up to her shoulder, and active and "nice," according to the testimony of all the children. Barbara had led her father a hard life, poor man! the time that Rose was at Mount Pleasant; but now that his assistant had come back again, the poor drawing-master had recovered all his old spirits. She was just coming out of the school of design, with her portfolio under her arm, when Barbara met her. There were not many pupils, it is true, but still there were enough to worry poor Rose, who was not an imposing personage, and who was daily wounded by the discovery that after all there are but a limited number of persons in this world, especially in the poorer classes of the community, and under the age of sixteen, who have a feeling for art. It was utterly inconceivable to the young teacher how her girls could be so clever as to find out each a different way of putting the sublime features of the Belvedere Apollo out of drawing, and she was still revolving this difficult problem when her sister joined her. Barbara, for her part, was occupied with thoughts of a hero much more interesting than he of Olympus. She was flushed and eager, and looked very handsome under her shabby bonnet; and her anxiety to have a confidant was so great that she made a dart at Rose, and grasped her by the arm under



which she was carrying her portfolio, to the great discomposure of the young artist. She asked, with a little anxiety, What is the matter? is there anything wrong at home? and made a rapid movement to get to the other side. "Oh, Rose," said Barbara, panting with haste and agitation, "only fancy; I have just seen him. I met him right in front of Master's, and he took off his hat to me. I feel in such a way—I can scarcely speak."

"Met—who?" said Rose—for she was imperfect in her grammar, like most people in a moment of emergency; and besides, she shared to some extent Miss Majoribanks's reluctance to shock the prejudices of society, and was disturbed by the idea that somebody might pass and see Barbara in her present state of excitement, and perhaps attribute it to its true cause.

"Oh you stupid little thing!" said Barbara, giving her "a shake" by her disengaged arm. "I tell you, *him*!—the gentleman I met at Lucilla Marjoribanks's. He looked as if he was quite delighted to see me again; and I am sure he turned round to see where I was going. He couldn't speak to me, you know, the first time; though indeed I shouldn't be the least surprised if he had followed—at a distance, you know, only to see where I live," said Barbara, turning round and searching into the distance with her eager eyes. But there was no one to be seen in the street, except some of Rose's pupils lingering along in the sunshine, and very probably exchanging similar confidences. Barbara turned back again with a touch of disappointment. "I am quite sure he will find out before long; and don't forget I said so," she added, with a little nod of her head.

"I don't see what it matters if he found out directly," said Rose. "Papa would not let anybody come to our house that he did not approve of; and then, you know, he will never have anything to say to people who are patronizing. I don't want to hear any more about your fine gentleman. If you were worried as I am, you would think much more of getting home than of anybody bowing to you in the street. One of the gentlemen from the Marlborough House once took off his hat to me," said Rose, with a certain solemnity. "Of course I was pleased; but then I knew it was my design he was thinking of—my Honiton flounce, you know. I suppose this other one must have thought you had a pretty voice."

This time, however, it was an angry shake that Barbara gave to her sister. "I wish you would not be such a goose," she

said; "who cares about your Honiton flounce? He took off his hat because—because he admired me, I suppose—and then it was a great deal more than just taking off his hat. He gave me such a look! Papa has no sense, though I suppose you will blaze up when I say so. He ought to think of us a little. As for patronizing, I should soon change that, I can tell you. But then papa thinks of nothing but paying his bills and keeping out of debt, as he says—as if everybody was not in debt; and how do you suppose we are ever to get settled in life? It would be far more sensible to spend a little more, and go into society a little, and do us justice. Only think all that that old doctor is doing for Lucilla; and there are four of us when the little ones grow up, said Barbara, in a tone of injury. "I should like to know what papa is thinking of. If mamma had not died when she did!"—

"It was not poor mamma's fault," said Rose. "I dare say she would have lived if she could for all our sakes. But then you have always taken a false view of our position, Barbara. We are a family of *artists*," said the little mistress of the school of design. She had pretty eyes, very dewy and clear, and they woke up under the excitement of this proud claim. "When papa is appreciated as he deserves, and when Willie has *made a name*," said Rose, with modest confidence, "things will be different. But the true strength of our position is that we are a family of artists. We are everybody's equal, and nobody's equal. We have a rank of our own. If you would only remember this, you would not grudge any thing to Lucilla Marjoribanks; and then I am sure she has been very kind to you."

"Oh, bother!" said the unfeeling Barbara. "You do nothing but encourage papa with your nonsense. And I should like to know what right Lucilla Marjoribanks has to be kind to me. If I am not as good as she, it is a very strange thing. I should never take the trouble to think about *him* if it was not that Lucilla believes he is paying her attention—that is the great fun. It would be delicious to take him from her, and make game of her and her kindness. Goodness! there he is again. I felt sure that he would try to find out the house."

And Barbara crimsoned higher than ever, and held Rose fast by the arm, and called her attention by the most visible and indeed tangible signs to the elegant apparition, like any other underbred young woman. As for Rose, she was a little gentlewoman born,



and had a horror unspeakable of her sister's bad manners. When Mr. Cavendish made a movement as if to address Barbara, it was the pretty gray eyes of Rose lifted to his face with a look of straightforward surprise and inquiry which him retire so hastily. He took off his hat again more respectfully than before, and pursued his walk along Grove Street, as if he had no ulterior intention in visiting that humble part of the town. As for Barbara, she held Rose faster than ever, and almost pinched her arm to move her attention. "I knew he was trying to find out the house," she said, in an exultant whisper. "And Lucilla thinks he is paying her attention!" For to be sure when Miss Marjoribanks took to being kind to Barbara, she conferred upon the contralto at the same moment a palpable injury and grievance, which was what the drawing-master's daughter had been looking for for several years of her life. And naturally Lucilla, who was at this moment thinking it all over under the soft green shadows from her new hangings, was deprived of the light which might have been thrown on her reflections, had she seen what was going on in Grove Street. But the conditions of humanity are such that even a woman of genius cannot altogether over-step them. And Lucilla still continued to think that Mr. Cavendish was paying her attention, which, indeed, was also the general opinion in Grange Lane.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE second of her Thursday evenings found Miss Marjoribanks, though secure, perhaps more anxious than on the former occasion. The charm of the first novelty was gone, and Lucilla did not feel quite sure that her subjects had the good sense to recognize all the benefits which she was going to confer upon them. "It is the second time that counts," she said in confidence to Mrs. Chiley. "Last Thursday they wanted to see the drawing-room, and they wanted to know what sort of thing it was to be. Dear Mrs. Chiley, it is to-night that is the test," said Lucilla, giving a nervous pressure to her old friend's hand; at least a pressure that would have betokened the existence of nerves in any one else but Miss Marjoribanks, whose magnificent organization was beyond any suspicion of such weakness. But, nevertheless, Mrs. Chiley, who watched her with grandmotherly interest was comforted to perceive that Lucilla, as on the former occasion, had strength of mind to eat her dinner. "She wants a

little support, poor dear," the old lady said in her heart; for she was a kinder critic than the younger matrons, who felt instinctively that Miss Marjoribanks was doing what they ought to have done. She took her favourite's arm in hers as they went upstairs, and gave Mr. Cavendish a kindly nod as he opened the door for them. "He will come and give you his assistance as soon as ever he can get away from the gentlemen," said Mrs. Chiley, in her consolatory tone; "but, good gracious, Lucilla, what is the matter?" The cause of this exclamation was a universal hum and rustle as of many dresses and many voices; and, to tell the truth, when Miss Marjoribanks and her companion reached the top of the stairs, they found themselves lost in a laughing crowd, which had taken refuge on the landing. "There is no room, Lucilla. Lucilla, everybody in Carlingford is here. Do make a little room for us in the drawing-room," cried this overplus of society. If there was an enviable woman in Carlingford at that moment, it certainly was Miss Marjoribanks, standing on the top of her own stairs, scarcely able to penetrate through the throng of her guests. Her self-possession did not forsake her at this supreme moment. She grasped Mrs. Chiley once again with a little significant gesture which pleased the old lady, for she could not but feel that she was Lucilla's only *confidante* in her brilliant but perilous undertaking. "They will not be able to get in when they come up-stairs," said Miss Marjoribanks; and whether the faint inflection in her voice meant exultation or disappointment, her old friend could not make up her mind. But the scene changed when the rightful sovereign entered the gay but disorganized dominion where her subjects attended her. Before any one knew how it was done, Miss Marjoribanks had re-established order, and, what was still more important, made room. She said, "You girls have no business to get into corners. The corners are for the people that can talk. It is one of my principles always to flirt in the middle of the company," said Lucilla; and again, as happened so often, ignorant people laughed and thought it a *bon mot*. But it is needless to inform the more intelligent persons who understand Miss Marjoribanks, that it was by no means a *bon mot*, but expressed Lucilla's convictions with the utmost sincerity. Thus it happened that the second Thursday was more brilliant and infinitely more gratifying than the first had been. For one thing, she felt sure that it was not to see the new furniture, nor to criticise this new sort of entertainment, but

with the sincerest intention of enjoying themselves, that all the people had come; and these are moments when the egotism of the public conveys the highest compliment that can be paid to the great minds which take in hand to rule and to amuse it. The only drawback was, that Barbara Lake did not show the same modesty and reticence as on the former occasion. Far from being sensibly silent, which she had been so prudent as to be on Miss Marjoribanks's first Thursday, she forgot herself so far as to occupy a great deal of Mr. Cavendish's valuable time, which he might have employed much more usefully. She not only sang by herself when he asked her, having brought some music with her unseen by Lucilla, but she kept sitting upon the stool before the piano ever so long afterwards, detaining him, and, as Miss Marjoribanks had very little doubt, making an exhibition of herself; for the fact was, that Barbara, having received one good gift from nature, had been refused the other, and could not talk. When Lucilla, arrested in the midst of her many occupations, heard her *protégée's* voice rising alone, she stopped quite short with an anxiety which it was touching to behold. It was not the jealousy of a rival cantatrice which inspired Miss Marjoribanks's countenance, but the far broader and grander anxiety of an accomplished statesman, who sees a rash and untrained hand meddling with his most delicate machinery. Lucilla ignored everything for the moment — her own voice, and Mr. Cavendish's attentions, and every merely secondary and personal emotion. All these details were swallowed up in the fear that Barbara would not acquit herself as it was necessary for the credit of the house that she should acquit herself; that she should not sing well enough, or that she should sing too much. Once more Miss Marjoribanks put her finger upon the pulse of the community as she and they listened together. Fortunately, things went so far well that Barbara sang her very best, and kept up her *prestige*: but it was different in the second particular; for unluckily, the *contralto* knew a great many songs, and showed no inclination to stop. Nothing remained for it but a bold *coup*, which Lucilla executed with all her natural coolness and talent. "My dear Barbara," she said, putting her hands on the singer's shoulders as she finished her strain, "that is enough for to-night. Mr. Cavendish will take you down stairs and get you a cup of tea; for you know there is no room to-night to serve it up-stairs." Thus Miss Marjoribanks proved herself capable of preferring her

great work to her personal sentiments, which is generally considered next to impossible for a woman. She did what perhaps nobody else in the room was capable of doing; she sent away the gentleman who was paying attention to her, in company with the girl who was paying attention to him; and at that moment, as was usual when she was excited, Barbara was splendid, with her crimson cheeks, and the eyes blazing out from under her level eyebrows. This Miss Marjoribanks did, not in ignorance, but with a perfect sense of what she was about. It was the only way of preventing her evening from losing its distinctive character. It was the lamp of sacrifice which Lucilla had now to employ, and she proved herself capable of the exertion. But it would be hopeless to attempt to describe the indignation of old Mrs. Chiley, or the unmitigated amazement of the company in general, which was conscious at the same time that Mr. Cavendish was paying attention to Miss Marjoribanks, and that he had been flirting in an inexcusable manner with Miss Lake. "My dear, I would have nothing to do with that bold girl," Mrs. Chiley said in Lucilla's ear. "I will go down and look after them if you like. A girl like that always leads the gentlemen astray, you know. I never liked the looks of her. Let me go down-stairs and look after them, my dear. I am sure I want a cup of tea."

"You shall have a cup of tea dear Mrs. Chiley," said Miss Marjoribanks, — "some of them will bring you one; but I can't let you take any trouble about Barbara. She had to be stopped you know, or she would have turned us into a musical party; and as for Mr. Cavendish he is the best assistant I have. There are so few men in Carlingford who can flirt," said Lucilla, regretfully. Her eyes fell as she spoke upon young Osmond Brown, who was actually at that moment talking to Mr. Bury's curate, with a disregard of his social duties painful to contemplate. Poor Osmond started when he met Miss Marjoribanks's reproachful eye.

"But then I don't know how," said the disconcerted youth, — and he blushed, poor boy, being only eighteen, and not much more than a schoolboy. As for Lucilla, who had no intention of putting up with that sort of thing she sent off the curate summarily for Mrs. Chiley's cup of tea.

"I did not mean you, my dear Osy," she said in her motherly tone. "When you are a little older we shall see what you can do; but you are not at all disagreeable for a boy," she added, encouragingly, and took Osmond's arm as she made her progress

down the room with an indulgence worthy of her maturer years; and even Mrs. Centum and Mrs. Woodburn and the Miss Browns, who were, in a manner, Lucilla's natural rivals, could not but be impressed with this evidence of her powers. They were like the Tuscan chivalry in the ballad, who could scarce forbear a cheer at the sight of their opponent's prowess. Perhaps nothing that she could have done would have so clearly demonstrated the superiority of her genius to her female audience as that bold step of stopping the music, which began to be too much, by sending off the singer downstairs under charge of Mr. Cavendish. To be sure the men did not even find out what it was that awoke the ladies' attention; but, then, in delicate matters of social politics, one never expects to be understood by *them*.

Barbara Lake, as was to be expected took a very long time over her cup of tea; and even when she returned up-stairs she made another pause on the landing, which was still kept possession of by a lively stream of young people coming and going. Barbara had very little experience, and she was weak enough to believe that Mr. Cavendish lingered there to have a little more of her society all to himself; but to tell the truth, his sentiments were of a very different description. For by this time it must be owned that Barbara's admirer began to feel a little ashamed of himself. He could but be conscious of Lucilla's magnanimity; and at the same time, he was very well aware that his return with his present companion would be watched and noted and made the subject of comment a great deal more amusing than agreeable. When he did take Barbara in at last, it was with a discomfited air which tickled the spectators beyond measure. And as his evil luck would have it, notwithstanding the long pause he had made on the landing to watch his opportunity of entering unobserved, Miss Marjoribanks was the first to encounter the returning couple. They met full in the face, a few paces from the door—exactly, as Mrs. Chiley said, as if it had been Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish on their wedding visit, and the lady of the house had gone to meet them. As for the unfortunate gentleman, he could not have looked more utterly disconcerted and guilty if he had been convicted of putting the spoons in his pocket, or of having designs upon the silver tea service. He found a seat for his companion with all the haste possible; and instead of lingering by her side, as she had anticipated, made off on the instant, and hid himself like a criminal in the dark depths of a group of men who were talking together

near the door. These were men who were hopeless, and good for nothing but to talk to each other, and whom Miss Marjoribanks tolerated in her drawing-room partly because their wives, with an excusable weakness, insisted on bringing them, and partly because they made a foil to the brighter part of the company, and served as a butt whenever anybody wanted to be witty. As for Lucilla, she made no effort to recall the truant from the ranks of the incurables. It was the only vengeance she took upon his desertion. When he came to take leave of her, she was standing with her hand in that of Mrs. Chiley, who was also going away. "I confess I was a little nervous this evening," Miss Marjoribanks was saying. "You know it is always the second that is the test. But I think, on the whole, it has gone off very well. Mr. Cavendish, you promised to tell me the truth; for you know I have great confidence in your judgment. Tell me sincerely, do you think it has been a pleasant evening?" Lucilla said, with a beautiful earnestness, looking him in the face.

The guilty individual to whom this question was addressed felt disposed to sink into the earth, if the earth, in the shape of Mr. Holden's beautiful new carpet, would have opened to receive him; but, after all, that was perhaps not a thing to be desired under the circumstances. Mr. Cavendish, however, was a man of resources, and not disposed to give up the contest without striking a blow in his own defence.

"Not so pleasant as last Thursday," he said. "I am not 'fit to be a lady's adviser, for I am too sincere; but I incline to think it is the third that is the test," said the future M. P.; and Lucilla made him, as Mrs. Chiley remarked, the most beautiful curtsy; but then nothing could be more delightful than the manner in which that dear girl behaved through the whole affair.

"If everybody would only help me as you do!" said Miss Marjoribanks. "Good-night; I am so sorry you have not enjoyed yourself. But then it is such a consolation to meet with people that are sincere. And I think, on the whole, it has gone off very well for the second," said Lucilla, "though I say it that should not say it." The fact was, it had gone off so well that the house could hardly be cleared of the amiable and satisfied guests. A series of the most enthusiastic compliments were paid to Lucilla as she stood in state in the middle of the room, and bade everybody good-bye. "Next Thursday," she said, with the benevolent grace of an acknowledged sovereign.

And when they were all gone, Miss Marjoribanks's reflections, as she stood alone in the centre of her domains, were of a nature very different from the usual reflections which the giver of a feast is supposed to make when all is over. But then, as everybody is aware, it was not a selfish desire for personal pleasure, nor any scheme of worldly ambition, which moved the mind of Lucilla. With such motives it is only natural that the conclusion, "All is vanity," should occur to the weary entertainer in the midst of his withered flowers and extinguished lights. Such ideas had nothing in common with the enlightened conceptions of Miss Marjoribanks. Perhaps it would be false to say that she had suffered in the course of this second Thursday, or that a superior intelligence like Lucilla's could permit itself to feel any jealousy of Barbara Lake; but it would be in vain to deny that she had been *surprised*. And any one who knows Miss Marjoribanks will acknowledge that a great deal was implied in that confession. But then she had triumphed over the weakness, and triumphantly proved that her estimate of the importance of her work went far beyond the influence of mere personal feeling.

In these circumstances Lucilla could contemplate her withered flowers with perfect calmness, without any thought that all was vanity. But then the fact was, Miss Marjoribanks was accomplishing a great public duty, and at the same time had the unspeakable consolation of knowing that she had proved herself a comfort to her dear papa. To be sure the Doctor, after looking on for a little with a half-amused consciousness that his own assistance was totally unnecessary, had gradually veered into a corner, and from thence had finally managed to escape down-stairs to his beloved library. But then the sense of security and tranquillity with which he established himself at the fire, undisturbed by the gay storm that raged outside, gave a certain charm to his retirement. He rubbed his hands and listened, as a man listens to the wind howling out-of-doors, when he is in shelter and comfort. So that, after all, Lucilla's sensation of having accomplished her filial duties in the most effective manner was to a certain extent justified, while at the same time it is quite certain that nobody missed Dr. Marjoribanks from the pleasant assembly up-stairs.

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LETTER FROM PROF. NEWMAN.—That good and wise friend of our cause in England, Prof. F. W. Newman, writes as follows, in a recent letter to a friend. — *Transcript*.

I am sure you read with deep interest the debate on Canada in our Parliament. A friend who was present tells me that while Bright spoke, and, like a judge, summed up and passed sentence, you might have heard a pin drop. The papers say he spoke more slowly than usual. I dare say, he measured his words most anxiously.

You are probably all now convinced, that *fear* has converted the Tories, and the most malignant of Whigs and Radicals, — except Roebuck — and a few besides, untamable beasts, deaf adders. Now for practical inferences to yourselves; 1, If you fall into new weakness within ten or fifteen years, when your enthusiasm is exhausted, those among us whom *fear* now controls will become possessed of seven devils in place of

the one whom your magic has bound. So, make sure work, and put no power into the hands of the disloyal, lest we cry out against you, as the prophet to Ahab, "Thus saith the Lord, because thou hast let go out of thy hand a man whom I appointed to utter destruction, thy life shall go for his life, and thy people for his people."

The thing to be destroyed is not slavery merely, but the *power* which was able to establish the hideous crime, and bring on this war. It avails not to abolish slavery on parchment, if you leave that power. The frightful horrors committed against your prisoners must steel you to rightful punishment, which is, utter confiscation of great estates, and establishment of the blacks as a political check. Five years hence the black race will be better educated than the white "trash." Woe upon you, if you lose the loyalty of the colored race!



From the Saturday Review, 25th March.  
DESPOTISM TEMPERED BY EPIGRAMS.

THE sublime magnanimity which induced the French Emperor to announce that critics might say what they would about his book has not been appreciated as it deserves. French journalists have learnt to dread an autocrat even when offering gifts, and they look with unworthy suspicion on the majestic spectacle of an irresponsible despot proclaiming himself a humble citizen in the republic of letters. They refuse to avail themselves of the truly Imperial clemency which has offered to permit them to point out mistakes of fact, defects of style, errors of inference, without the certainty of immediate and condign punishment. Some of them even go further, and, with a gracelessness utterly inexplicable, actually maintain that His Majesty's splendid condescension is the severest public humiliation the French press has ever received. These ill-conditioned beings declare, in the malignity of their hearts, that they would have felt themselves less degraded if the author had warned them that any critic who detected a misprint or a wrong date should end his days at Cayenne. Perverse people of this kind abound in the world. Even school-boys sometimes decline to be conciliated by their master's most solemn assurance that they shall not be laid on the switching-block. But the magnanimous ruler of France knows mankind, and his sensitive spirit will not be too rudely wounded by the murmurings of a few ungrateful journalists. He is aware of the consolations of the faith, and no doubt is comforted by remembering that blessed are those whom men revile, and say all manner of evil against. This righteous prince has, in the columns of the *Moniteur*, cast the pearl of his biography before the swine of criticism. But he is a Christian and a philosopher, and is ready to look on with calm resignation while the swine trample his pearl under his feet, and turn again and rend him. At present the swine look upon him and the pearl with equal suspicion, and even contempt. Some of them have approached it with hesitant snout, but they instantly scamper away again with a want of confidence that is infinitely disheartening to their munificent herdsman. It is really touching to think of such a return for such benevolence, and of the churlishness with which the modest but high-minded author has been received by his fellow-citizens in the literary republic. The newspapers which are nominally independent have

maintained a sullen silence, and the coaxing of the *Moniteur* proves as inefficient as if it were known to conceal a menace. Perhaps even Imperial patience may at length be exhausted, and the generous promise that free literary criticism should not be reckoned a crime against the State may be followed by the indignant threat that any paper which has omitted to review the *Life of Cæsar* shall be suspended or oppressed, and its editor sent to Lambessa. In fact, some ill-affected people maintain that stringent measures will be most promptly adopted by the neglected author if this sulkiness continues. The Emperor has not only graciously taken the critical horses down to the edge of the water, but he is resolved that they shall be made to drink. Still it must be admitted that there is a good deal of difficulty in honestly reviewing a book written by the master of a hundred legions. If Nero had invited the critics of Rome to say what they pleased of his fiddling, the candour of his listeners would still have laboured under many disadvantages. If a French critic were to feel it his duty to denounce the *Life of Cæsar* as written in hard and inelegant French, as abounding in little pieces of slovenliness, as betraying a profound ignorance of the general course of Roman history, and as propounding a set of vicious and degraded political principles, he might probably find the blandishments of the *Moniteur* fearfully treacherous.

The pungent and stinging satire which has put this with unrivalled force is creating an amount of popular excitement that shows how far the suspicious contempt of the critics has found sympathy among the public. A printed copy of *Les Propos de Labienus* is priceless, because the printer has been arrested, and his brethren are naturally chary of infringing so perilous a copyright. But people are reported to take the trouble to transcribe it, while others take the trouble of deciphering the manuscript, so keen is the anxiety to see what the republic of letters has to say of its newly-enrolled citizen. The author has so little confidence in his Sovereign's sincerity that he has betaken himself out of reach, and prefers to experience the Imperial magnanimity in the safety of a foreign country. M. Rogeard's precipitate flight to Belgium is not a very flattering comment on the gracious invitation given in the *Moniteur* to all the world to talk about *La Vie de Césaire* as if it had been written by a simple man of letters. The printer, too, of *Labienus* will another time be

less ready to accept Imperial invitations to be frank about Imperial books. True, the book is avowedly written to enforce a political doctrine, and to criticise the book, and yet steer quite clear of the very subject which it is all about, would require an ingenuity which even French journalists could scarcely be expected to possess. French cooks can make choice dishes without any meat, but it must be much harder honestly to criticise a book whose gist and real purport you are forbidden to approach.

Under the slender disguise of Labienus, a stubborn republican of the time of Augustus, the author of the proscribed *brochure*—for the translation of which we are indebted to the *Daily News*—assails the idea of Augustus writing the life of Julius Cæsar with a vigour and incisiveness quite indescribable. Labienus was "one of those wicked men who must tremble under a strong government, in order that good men may be re-assured, and that a society shaken to its foundations may be firmly fixed anew upon its basis." He looked as old as the Twelve Tables; he had fantastic ideas, and, "above all, he had a strange, bizarre, inexplicable hobby—he loved liberty." "He had no sentiment of fine gradations of tone and colour, no notion of time, no sense of transitions; he still believed in justice, in law, in science, in conscience; the Empire was for him but a parenthesis in history, a shameful page of the Roman annals, and he was eager to turn the leaf or to tear it." What a singular humour! "Conceive his determination to remain a citizen in a city where there remained none but subjects; he meant, like Cicero, to die a free man in a free country; imagine such extravagance! *Citizen and free*; the madman!" You see he was an imbecile! "He was a man of the old party, for the Republic was past; a Re-actionist, since the Republic was a thing of bygone time; a *ci-devant* of the *ancien régime*, since the government of the laws was the *régime* of an old age—in a word, he was a blockhead." The obdurate republican, who so stubbornly refused to rejoice amid the prosperity with which the good and wise Augustus had overwhelmed the State, encounters Gallio, who tells him that the memoirs of Augustus have appeared. He inquires how long villains have made books, and is answered, "Ever since honest men were made emperors." Gallio then invites him to criticise the new book, and assures him that "criticism will be free, for tyranny is going to give a week's holiday to literature." But Labienus is not to be moved.

He cannot find fault with the book, because he does not choose "to afford the rogue an opportunity of playing the magnanimous;" and he cannot praise it even if it is good, because he is afraid of being confounded with those who praise it from other motives. And, besides, the book cannot be good. "When a man is criminal enough to make himself a king, he cannot have all the qualities requisite for writing history; an historian-king ought to commence by abdicating. He has not done so, and his work must be one of ignorance and deceit." "No," exclaims Labienus, "I will not fall into this literary ambush, or be trepanned, or, above all, allow others to fall in. I will not write on the memoirs of Cæsar; the people's silence is the lesson of kings." But still Gallio need not fear for his patron. When Cæsar wants critics there will be no lack. He who has made Virgils can make Aristarchuses. If he wants delicate appreciation of this little morsel of imperial literature, or learned appreciations, there will be a shower of them. If you want "ingenious and piquant observations, views full of novelty, elegant and courteous discussions, sustained in an exquisite tone by people of the best society, you will have them." And if you want "kneeling controversy and grovelling rhetoric, and epigrams whose point tickles instead of stings, bites which are caresses, and terrible reproaches which please, and adorable flatteries adroitly slipped in under an appearance of severe judgment, and pretty little amiable words delicately enveloped in the folds of a ferocious and stern phrase, and bouquets of Latinity, and floods of mellifluous eloquence, and arguments offered upon velvet cushions, and objections presented on a silver salver, like a letter by a servant," none of these things will be missing. Thousands of people "will defile before the Emperor, crying at the top of their voices, but he will have an attitude full of modesty and majesty; his gestures will say 'Enough'; his smile will say 'More.'" But the blood of the sturdy republican grows hotter as he goes on, and he begins to exchange this sharp and stinging banter for a ferocious invective, more sharp and stinging still. From this bitter ridicule of the critics he advances to the design of the author. The criminal who publishes an elaborate apology for his crime commits a second crime more heinous and more deadly than the first. The crime only oppresses the present, the justification of it oppresses the future. Such an apology is "the *coup d'état* in morals, the creation of

disorder, injustice systematized, the organization of evil, the promulgation of non-law, the proscription of truth, the definitive defeat of public reason, the general rout of ideas, an intellectual Actium." This is "the real crowning of an edifice of villany and infamy." The book of Augustus is "his life elevated into an example, his ambition made innocent, his will formulated into law; it is the code of malefactors and the bible of villains. The wretch who assassinates you makes a sermon to you on assassination, and then asks your opinion of his little composition. "Yes, your sincere opinion upon the form and spirit; your political and literary opinion, for he is an artist and a good fellow, and he wants to know your opinion on his work." Still, Gallio hints, it may be worth while to discuss with Augustus, points of grammar, numismatics, or archæology. Labienus is inexorable. "People like Augustus, in spite of all they may say, feel that they are under the ban of society. "They have left it by a crime, and they wish to return to it by a ruse." The whole object of his life is to curry favour with honest folks. For this he is willing to assume any disguise; he will go anywhere to recover his lost honours; and may be seen begging, crowned mendicant as he is, begging esteem from door to door. At last Labienus becomes breathless and almost incoherent with fury. "This last struggle," he shrieks out, "this last struggle of Cæsar with the opinion that is overwhelming him, has something lugubrious and comic about it, like the last grimace of a criminal on the gallows, or the smile of the gladiator who wishes to die with grace." "This book of Cæsar is the toilette of the condemned, the coquetry of the last day." "He dares in a preface to address questions to the reader, but it is the lictor who will reply."

It is certainly not surprising that the police should have violently suppressed so tremendous an onslaught. If there is to be any suppression, one cannot wonder that this should be thought a fitting case on which to exercise it. Of all the literary attacks which have ever been made upon the Emperor, this may fairly be considered the most pungent and venomous. Even Mr. Kinglake's biting invective is less efficient than M. Rogeard's peculiarly stinging sarcasms. Politically, the ruler may feel his position to be impregnable, but the bitter contempt of Labienus for the literary powers of Augustus, and for the expected fulsome of his critics, can scarcely fail to mortify the vanity of the author. In

face of the awe with which, on their own confession, M. de Sacy and one or two other journalists have turned over the pages of the Emperor's book, the blast of fresh air from the proscribed pamphlet is urgently needed. It shows that not all the power and thought which makes French literature so great is bowed down before the false gods of despotism and hero-worship. The Emperor's book, if left unopposed except by "kneeling controversy, and grovelling rhetoric, and epigrams that tickle," might perhaps have been justly called the intellectual Actium, the definitive victory over public reason. But the vigour of Labienus, and the eagerness with which it is sought after, may be taken as strong proofs that there are still some in the land who refuse to think a solemn and windy Cæsarism the highest of political creeds. The *coup d'état* may be, as our sublime moral instructor, the *Times*, maintains that it is justified by twelve years' success. But it would be a very evil prospect not only for France but for Europe if the principles of the *coup d'état* were to be generally accepted without emphatic protest.

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From Public Opinion.

THE SUPPRESSED PAMPHLET ON THE  
EMPEROR'S "JULIUS CÆSAR."

(*Les Propos de Labienus.*)

THE above pamphlet, which has been suppressed in France, and on account of which the author has been condemned to five year's imprisonment, and been obliged to fly to Belgium, opens thus:—

This happened in the seventh year after Christ, in the thirty-eighth year of the reign of Augustus. . . . The "people king" had a master.

Having slowly come out from the vapour of blood which had reddened it on first appearing, the star of Julius was rising, and shed a soft light on the silent forum. It was a fine time. The Curia was silent. . There were no longer *plebiscites*, no longer elections, no longer disorder, no longer any army of the Republic: everywhere Roman peace obtained over the Romans; there was only one tribune, Augustus; only one army, the army of Augustus; only one will, his; only one consul, he; only one censor, he again; only one lender, he—and he always. Eloquence, proscribed, had gone to die in the shadow of the schools; literature was expiring under the protection of Mæcenas;

Livy ceased to write, Labeo to speak. . . . As for glory, they had it in such a way as is proper for an empire which respects itself. There had been a little fighting everywhere; people had been beaten in the north and in the south, to the right and to the left, quite sufficiently; there were names to put up at the corners of the streets and on triumphal arches; they had conquered people to chain in bas-reliefs. . . . There had been one of those wars even in which the Emperor had commanded and been wounded in person, which is the height of glory for a great nation. . . .

It was a fine time for amusements. The only embarrassment was which to choose. There were theatres, gladiators, the amphitheatre, circuses, races, hunts, and athletic games. Never had the Roman people amused themselves so much. . . .

There was, it is true, here and there some shade in the picture; there had been a dozen plots, as many seditions, and that spoils a reign; it was the Republicans who tried to come back. They had killed as many as they could at Actium, Alexandria, and in Sicily, for Roman liberty died hard; no less than seven butcheries, *en masse*, had been requisite to disable it; legions had seemed to rise from the earth, and these ever-returning Republicans had been conscientiously killed—but how many? Three hundred thousand, perhaps, at the most; that was good, but it was not enough, and there were still some of them left. Hence the life of this great man was not free from some little vexations. In the Senate he was obliged to wear a cuirass and a sword under his robe (which is inconvenient, especially in hot countries), and to surround himself with ten stout fellows whom he called his friends, but who nevertheless were a nuisance to him. . . .

There was also a certain distant expedition, of which there was not great reason to be proud; the unfortunate Varus had stupidly been beaten with three legions over the Rhine. This had a bad effect. War is like all good things—it must not be abused. It has the merit of being the most absorbing spectacle, the most engaging diversion, but it is a resource which must be husbanded. This terrible game must not be played too often, as it may turn against him who plays it; and when one is a saviour, he must not send the people whom he has saved too often to be butchered. This might have been said, but who thought of such a thing? Only 20,000 mothers; and what is that in a great empire? Glory, it is well known, does not give her favours for nothing, and Rome was rich enough in blood and money to pay for them.

Lolius, moreover, had lost an eagle, but it could be done without; and as for the finances, a new era had just opened, administration had just been invented, and the world was going to be administered. The monster empire had a hundred million hands and one belly; unity was founded! . . .

If this system brought some abuses with it, it was only a cloud to the sunshine of universal joy—a discordant note, which was lost in the concert of the public gratitude—and all these little ills which now and then ruffled the surface of the empire were in reality only happy contrasts and piquant diversions to a people happy in their good fortune, to give them rest from happiness and time to breathe; they were like seasoning to a dish—just enough to prevent monotony in success, to temper hilarity, and avert satiety. People were stifling with prosperity; for there are benefits which overwhelm and joys which kill.

Who, then, in that golden age, who could complain? Tacitus says, seven years later, at the death of Augustus, that but few citizens remained who had seen the Republic; there remained still fewer who had served it; they had been carried off by civil wars or proscriptions, by summary execution, assassination, impressment, or exile, want or despair—time had done the rest. . . .

At this time lived Labienus. Do you know who Labienus was? He was a strange man. Just imagine, he persisted in remaining a citizen in a city where there was no longer anything but subjects. Is this comprehensible? *Civis Romanus sum*, he would say, and no one could get him out of the habit. He wished, like Cicero, to die free in a free country: imagine the absurdity of the man! Citizen and free—the madman! No doubt he said this without knowing what he was talking about. The truth was, his poor head was cracked; he had a dangerous affection of the brain—at least this was the opinion of the doctor of Augustus, who called this kind of madness, reasoning monomania, and who had prescribed its being treated with imprisonment. Labienus had not taken this this prescription, and hence he was not cured, as you will see.

Old Labienus was one of those who had seen the Republic—that was not his fault—but he was foolish enough to remember it, and that was the mistake. He was under a great reign, and he was not satisfied. There are some people who never are. Sad amidst universal joy, dull amidst the Roman orgie, he was there and seemed elsewhere. He thought as people thought in the time of Fabricius, and had fantastic ideas of incred.



ible manias, and in particular an odd taste, strange and inexplicable—he liked liberty. Evidently, Labienus had no common sense. Liked liberty! Do you know what that was? It was a retrograde opinion, for liberty was old and the new men liked the new system.

The times had progressed, and ideas also; he alone remained stationary; he believed in justice, laws, science, and conscience—evidently he was in his dotage. . . . He thought, moreover, with the stoics, that punishment is good for criminals; and he wished Augustus the only good he thought could happen to him—expiation.

One day as he was walking under the portico of Agrippa he met Gallio. Now, Junius Gallio was a young sage, while Labienus was an old madman. He was a serious and mild young man, well educated and elegant, polite, circumspect, and prudent, a moderate stoic; he was also a Spaniard and a Roman, a citizen and a subject, a man of two epochs and two countries; he had mixed blood and a mixed opinion, a little of this and a little of that—looking with sorrow sometimes at the tomb of liberty, and then tenderly on the cradle of the empire.

This was the man who accosted Labienus and said, "Good day, *Titus! quid agis, dulcissime rerum?* How do you do?" "Not at all well if the empire is well," was the answer. "Ah! you are always in a bad humour, but I have some news to tell you." "There is no news for me so long as Augustus reigns." "Come, I know you have been in a passion for thirty years and that you have not laughed once since the triumvirate. But hear my news, the 'Memoirs' of Augustus have just appeared." "And how long have brigands written books?" "Since honest men have made emperors." "Alas! my dear Titus, then you will not read these 'Memoirs'?" "I will read them, Gallio; but"—crying with shame—"And you will answer them?" No, Gallio, I will publish nothing on this subject; I will not dispute with him who has thirty legions; in a country which is not free, one ought to forbid oneself to touch on contemporary history, and criticism in such a matter is impossible." "You will not enlighten the public, then?" "I do not wish to contribute to deceive it; for in these times, on such subjects nothing which appears can be good, and nothing which is good can appear." "But we are assured that criticism will be free; tyranny will give literature a week's holiday."

"The book is not good and cannot be.

When a man is guilty enough to make himself king and stupid enough to make himself God, I think he cannot have all the qualities requisite for writing history." "You are sure beforehand that he has neither common sense nor good faith—what remains for him to have, then?" "He can neither know truth nor say if he knew it. And why does he take it into his head to write history? A king historian ought to commence by abdicating. He has not done so, and it is a bad sign. And then—for I have read some passages of it—he justifies proscriptions and apologizes for usurpation." "That was natural." "And you would have me criticise this work of ignorance and lies, approved of by two thousand centurions, and recommended to the reading public by veterans? Criticism!—siege you ought to have said. . . . No, I will not write on the 'Memoirs' of Augustus. The silence of the people is a lesson to kings. Labienus will give this lesson to Augustus."

Never fear, if you wish for criticisms on this piece of imperial literature, if you wish for fine reviews, you will have them; if you wish for learned dissertations, it will rain with them. . . . Augustus, therefore, is sure to have a public, readers, judges, critics, copyers, and commentators. . . . I know that the work will include the last civil war and even the last year of Julius Caesar. Could any one think such a thing a fact? Augustus publishing a book on the revolution he has made himself! What would be said of a criminal who published an apology for his crime? In my opinion, he commits a more difficult crime than the first (for it is easier to commit a crime than to justify it); but this second crime, if more difficult, is also worse and more fatal, for the victims are more numerous, and the consequences more durable. The first struck at the men's lives, the other at their conscience; the one kills the body, the other the mind; the one oppresses the present, the other the future. It is a *coup d'état* in morality, the creation of disorder, systematized injustice, the organization of evil, the promulgation of lawlessness, the proscription of truth, the definite defeat of public reason, the general rout of ideas, and, in short, an intellectual battle of Actium. It is the real completion of a work (*couronnement d'un édifice*) of villany and infamy, and it is the only one possible. The book of Augustus is his life set up as an example, his ambition made innocent, his will formulated into a law; it is the code of malefactors, the Bible of rogues—this is the

book you wish to be publicly criticised under the *régime* of his sovereign will and pleasure!

The author after all can only talk about what he knows; he knows how to pillage a town, cut the throats of a Senate, force open a treasury in a temple, and rob Jupiter; he knows how to make false keys, false oaths, and false testaments; he knows how to lie at the Forum, how to corrupt electors or do without them, how to kill his wounded colleagues, as at Modena, and how to proscribe *en masse*, and is well acquainted with other little games of princes. He knows, following the method of Cæsar, how to borrow from one and lend to the other, and to make friends on both sides; he knows, with a vigorous bound, how to leap all barriers, and pass all Rubicons, and then with a grand spring, rising above all laws, human and divine, how to make a high leap, and come down a king. He knows how to do all this, but not a word of history, politics, or morality. . . . Nothing is found in his book which we want to find, and we find in profusion what is dangerous to learn. He is very fond of old words, old coins, and old helmets, but he is not fond of old morals. Will you discuss some point of grammar, archæology, or numismatics with him?

He who would do him that honour would be very foolish. He would fall into the trap and play into his hands. People of his (Augustus's) sort feel, whatever they may do, that they are under the ban of society; they have removed themselves violently from it by a crime, and they wish to re-enter it quietly by cunning. They have no longer but one ambition, to curry favour with honest people. For this purpose they take all disguises; they go seeking everywhere for their poor lost honour; they are like crowned beggars asking for esteem from door to door: and that is the only alms which cannot be given them. This is the case with Augustus; this drinker of men's blood only thirsts after one thing now—praises; this robber of the empire of the world only wishes to steal one thing more—his rehabilitation. But he is attempting what is impossible. The impotent and desperate effort he makes to save some few morsels of his reputation, this supreme effort to hang his honour on a last branch, which is about to fall, this last struggle of Cæsar with public opinion, which is crushing him, has something lugubrious and comical about it, like the last grimace of a hanged man, or like the smile of a gladiator, who wishes to die gracefully. The book of Cæsar is the toilet of the condemned man, the bow of the

criminal on the scaffold to the crowd as he walks to his doom. It is the coquetry of the last day. Cæsar was so dirty that the executioner would not have liked to touch him; and he has scrubbed himself up a bit to embrace death. And he asks for readers! the insolent wretch! Readers for Cæsar! What would be the good of them? He has the impudence, in a preface, to put questions to his readers; but it will be the lictor who will reply to them.

From the Spectator.

#### CARDINAL WISEMAN'S LAST HOURS.

THE Roman Catholic Canon Morris has published a record of the death-bed of Cardinal Wiseman which is in many respects one of singular interest. For a month the Cardinal lay literally on the very verge of death; on the first night of this weary last act of his life, extreme unction was administered to him without his being conscious of what was going on, and his physicians thought it impossible he should live till morning; yet he rallied nevertheless, recovered almost complete command of thought and speech, and lived for nearly four weeks in immediate expectation of the end. The intervening time was one of no little suffering. Twice he was operated on for carbuncle; and his great physical prostration was in itself a source of the worst kind of pain. It is such times as these which show the true texture of a man's faith, theology, and moral calibre. His lingering death-bed brought out clearly, we think, both the strongest and weakest side of the Cardinal's nature and of the system which he had absorbed. This little book is a record of fortitude and serenity in prolonged suffering of which the friends of any man might be proud. On the other hand, the form in which his faith stamped itself on those last hours seems to us to bear out singularly the estimate which we attempted, at the time of his death, of the character of his theology, — to depict with curious vividness that appetite for a ceremonial which (according to his Church's teaching) displays and disposes of God—that habit of administrative familiarity with the divine substance—that religious communion which can scarcely be called intellectual or spiritual, since it waits for certain concerted signals and takes place always through these formal channels,—all in short which we then pointed out as giving a bronzed, sultry, and vacant expression to the aspects of the true Roman Catholic theology.

St. Nicholas of Myra, who was a confessor under Diocletian, was Cardinal Wiseman's patron saint, and it seems that shortly before his last illness the Cardinal had preached on St. Nicholas's day (6th December) and had been much occupied with his virtues. "He looked upon him (St. Nicholas)," says Canon Morris, "as a connecting link not only between the east and the west, but between days of persecution and of peace. 'Can you imagine,' he said, 'anything grander than the Fathers of the Council of Nice rising to receive a Bishop who had been in prison as a confessor of the faith and had been the friend and companion of martyrs? What should we think of the appearance amongst us of one of our priests who had narrowly escaped martyrdom under Elizabeth?' The parallel is not very close, as St. Nicholas would have been scarcely even of middle age at the time of the Council of Nice, while the appearance of an Elizabethan Bishop in the present day would certainly warrant a sensation. But the remark showed how the Cardinal's thoughts habitually dwelt on and even heightened the *pageant* of religion, — for even Catholic hagiologists (and those sufficiently credulous) repudiate altogether the notion that St. Nicholas was present at the Council of Nice at all. The picture was one with which the Cardinal had pleased himself as a sort of representative link in ecclesiastical history, though with scarcely a vestige of evidence in its favour. His belief in it was due not to testimony, but to the taste which the Catholic Church creates, especially in its higher ecclesiastics, for grand historic scenes, and which she cherishes by her splendid ritual — that chain of great pictorial acts binding together the present with the past. This is the only distinct reference to the Cardinal's patron saint in these last days of his life, but there is a good deal recorded in them which recalls the popular accounts of St. Nicholas, "The saint," says Charles Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, "observed in his infancy the fasts of Wednesday and Friday, refusing to suck the breast on those days. . . Happy are they who from their infancy and innocent age are inured to the exercise of devotion, penance, and perfect obedience!" We do not quote this for any purpose of ridicule, but simply because the ritual type of character here attributed — with silly legendary exaggeration — to St. Nicholas marks so strongly all the records of the Cardinal's last days. For instance, after the first crisis was over, when he had received extreme unction in a state of unconsciousness, he said to Canon Morris, "I have never

cared for anything but the Church. My sole delight has been in everything connected with her. *As people in the world would go to a ball for their recreation, so I have enjoyed a great function.*" A great function! How expressive it is of the theology which makes acquaintance with God through specific acts of invocation! It is not the mental attitude of prayer or contemplation of which he speaks, but the stimulus received from a great ritual pageant which is believed to be life-giving, and felt to be a grand act of social co-operation. So the old Roman Pontifex Maximus must have spoken and felt in the time when he still held fast to the virtues of the pagan ceremonial. The Cardinal regretted so much his unconsciousness at the moment of receiving extreme unction, that he had the ceremony repeated in great state after the last real hope of his recovery had been relinquished. "His own feeling was that he had sufficiently rallied from the passing danger in which he was first anointed to constitute this a new danger." "He was vested as he lay in bed, by Mgr. Searle, who had so often vested him before. He had on his rochet, his mozetta and zucchetto, his pectoral cross and gold stole; and he wore the sapphire ring which, when he was made a Cardinal, he received from the College of the Propaganda, in return for the offering which it is their privilege to receive from all newly-created members of the Sacred College. I said to him, 'Canon Hunt, as the Missionary Rector, will anoint your Eminence.' He bowed his head. I added, 'And will you have the *Asperges* from the Senior Canon?' He answered, looking round at me, 'I want everything.' The Canon then came into the room, wearing their choir dress, and formed a semicircle around him, on his left side. Mr. Patterson was there, as his Master of Ceremonies. He had previously requested Mgr. Searle to assist him on his right hand; and he told me to be on his left, and to read the Profession of Faith for him. The large picture of Pope Pius IX., which all who have been in his drawing-room will remember, looked down upon us, and seemed to form part of the group, who were engaged in one of the most solemn acts the Church has devised. The Archiepiscopal Cross was placed at the foot of the bed, and there it remained for the days of his life that were yet left. Canon Maguire, as the Senior Canon, in the absence of the Provost, having sprinkled the Cardinal with holy water, I knelt by his side and read the Creed of Pope Pius IV. When it was ended, the book of the Gospels was handed to him to kiss, for the oath with which it concludes.

He put his hand upon it, and said, 'Put it down.' And then, 'I wish to express before the Chapter that I have not, and never have had in my whole life, the very slightest doubt or hesitation of any one of the articles of this Faith; I have always endeavoured to teach it; and I transmit it intact to my successor.' The Missal was then lifted up to him, and he kissed it, saying, '*Sic me Deus adjuvet et hæc Sancta Dei Evangelia.*' He then added, 'I now wish to receive Extreme Unction at your hands, as the seal of my Profession of Faith.' Canon Hunt then took off his Canon's mozetta, and put on a surplice and stole. The Cardinal knew, and had remarked long before, that Canons ought not to administer the Sacraments in their choir dress; he evidently saw this little observance of rule with satisfaction. If he had recovered sufficiently, I doubt not that he would have made some remark upon it."

That was the last "great function" which the Cardinal "enjoyed." But it was not the last for which he was provided. Speaking of what he should wish done for him in the moment of death, he said, "I want to have everything the Church gives me, down to the holy water. Do not leave out anything. I want everything." And with regard to his own funeral, "I shall look to you and Patterson for the ceremonial. See that everything is done quite right. Do not let a rubric be broken. And of course the religious will say the office here in the room."

This feeling of deriving real strength and life from external ceremonial pervades almost every saying of the Cardinal's during this month. Even in recurring to the view from Monte Porzio in Rome, of which he was excessively fond, he suddenly turns from it to the gold chair from which he gazed upon it. "They have kept the Rector's chair in the place I used to sit. I got that gold chair for Pope Leo's reception, and I always used it afterwards." When asked one day on which he had been well enough to be moved, so that he could just pass through his chapel, "Did you not very much enjoy your little visit to the Blessed Sacrament on your way down-stairs to-day?" he answers, much as a sick child would answer for whom a play-room had been decorated, "Oh! yes, and my Madonna, and my relics, and all lit up too!" But of course his pleasure was not in the mere spectacle, but in the influx of power received, as he held, through these external channels. When the doctors prohibited him for a time from the excitement of communion, the Cardinal said, "They little

know of what they are depriving me. A little fasting would tire me less than this longing." And at another time, "Oh! how much longer am I to have patience? How long am I to wait? They are keeping me from my only consolation."

There are several other curious and almost childish indications of this externalism of faith, this habit of breathing in, as it were, inspiration from external action, instead of finding it directly in meditation, in the records of this last sickness. Canon Morris suggested once that he should use his clearness of mind "to make the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition." He said, "I will; make them for me out loud, slowly and distinctly." The Canon did so, — whatever making mental Acts for another man may mean, — and the Cardinal charged him to record what he had just done — as though it were an external ritual — "in a solemn document," in which he was to say that the Cardinal "had always had those Acts in his heart which he had made with his dying lips," — a strange way of striving to sculpture in external marble, as it were, the spiritual egotisms of a prelate's soul, instead of letting thoughts be thoughts, and go for what God finds them to be worth, neither more nor less. But there is a more curious illustration of this exaggerated externalism of creed than even this. On the 9th of February, when weary, as he might well be, of his long death agony, the Cardinal longed for his release, he tried to adopt the following very curious stratagem (not, however, unknown to Roman Catholic tradition), for at once terminating, if it might be, the long struggle, and yet doing so without self-will. The Reverend Mother of the Hospital was his nurse: — "About half-past five in the morning of Thursday, the 9th, he said, 'Reverend Mother, take hold of my hand. I want you to promise that you will obey me.' 'Yes,' she said she would. 'Promise to tell me whatever I tell you to tell me, whether you like it or not;' with something more about obedience than Reverend Mother could not catch. 'I wish to die as an act of simple obedience, and I desire you to tell me to die. But first ask me, Do you desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ? And I shall say, Yes. Do you desire nothing on earth but the enjoyment of God? When I say Yes to that, you are to say, If you desire nothing more on earth, go to God. Now say it. I wish my death to be an act of pure obedience.' Then Reverend Mother put the first question to him, and he answered: 'Yes,' and she broke down



in the middle of the second. In about five minutes he said, 'You did not do what I told you, or I should not be here now.'

A more curious game of spiritual hide and seek it is impossible to imagine. The Cardinal wishes to die "out of pure obedience," but gives the order for the command which shall be followed by that obedience. He will be a private and not a commander-in-chief—on condition that he gives the orders first to the commander-in-chief and that the commander-in-chief re-issues them back to him. He did not venture to pray to die, that would be self-will. But he did not mind dictating to another to order him to die, when he hoped to comply "out of pure obedience"—to his own little plot against himself. If you can only once get a wish out of yourself, so that it comes back with an authoritative sound, though only from the walls of a whispering-gallery, it thus assumes the sacredness of an external authority, as compared with the same wish while only stirring within yourself. What a curious unconscious criticism on the "authority" of the infallible Church!

And yet the Cardinal had a playful humor which one would think must alone have been adequate to detect sophistries like these. Once he said "Reverend Mother, please bathe my eye, or your eye, or somebody's eye, whosever it is, for I am sure it does not feel like mine." When his kind nurse had returned after a short absence, he asked, "Is that our usual Reverend Mother?" and when Monsignore Searle asked him if he knew him, the Cardinal's answer was, "I have never unknown you." There was a touching vein of affectionate humour throughout his illness, which was part of the man, but which renders his ecclesiastical externalism still stranger, for all true humour pierces easily through this kind of spiritual strategy.

On the whole there is something very sad about the story of this strictly ecclesiastical death-bed. Not that the Cardinal's friends were not personally strongly attached to him, but the whole atmosphere of the record is not one of private grief but of ritual consolation. It was in this that the Cardinal delighted, this that took the place of soft domestic affection and the tenderness of wife, sister, or children. He did not feel the blank. The rochet, the red mozetta and zucchetto, the pectoral cross, gold stole, and sapphire ring, the solemn Chapter round his bed, the frequent administration of viaticum, the lighted altar, relics, and Madonna, the Acts of faith, hope, and charity, and contrition registered "in the Arch-

ives of Westminster,"—these were the Cardinal's tender dying consolations, to which the human ministrants were, because human, simply subordinate. For the *subjective* grace, the grace that is vouchsafed to individual hearts, he did not seem to long;—it was the sacramental acts, the rubrics, the grand ritual, from which he drew the fountains that sustained his ebbing life. Death itself was "a great function" to him,—the last great function of life.

From the Saturday Review.

#### POMPEII \*

NOT many years ago, a Yankee, fresh from a scamper to Naples, strode into Monaldini's library at Rome, and with the full-flavored Northern twang thus delivered himself:—"Wal! of all the unrepai'd old places I ever did see, that Pompeii's the very worst!" The listeners stared, and shrugged their shoulders, accounting the outburst to be merely a pregnant illustration of the genuine American mind, which could see in the mysterious city of the dead nothing more than an unappreciated "building privilege," capable of indefinite improvement in the hands of a proprietor of enterprise and capital. Yet there was something more in it. Saul was among the prophets. In his barbarous way the Yankee testified to the force of that indescribable sensation of life in death which Pompeii, alone of all places in the world, produces in the mind. Italy, indeed, is throughout a land where the past lives again. It may not possess the strange fascination of the East. It has not its pyramids, its Karnak, or its Philæ, where the traveller looks up at the monuments of an extinguished civilization, only to feel how deep is the chasm that separates it from his own. Nor can it show any parallel to that still flourishing Arab life which has existed unbroken through all changes of religion and dynasty since a period when Europe was unknown to history. Italy, on the contrary, is the record of the stages by which our own present civilization has grown to be what it is at this very hour. Whatever we may owe to the East, the history of the infancy, youth, and manhood of the races that now govern the world still lives in the memorials that greet us at almost every step from the Alps to Sicily. Our religion, our language, our arts, our sciences may all, indeed, be more or less traced historically to

\* *Pompéi et les Pompéiens.* Par Marc Monnier. Paris : Hachette et C<sup>ie</sup>.

an Oriental origin, but they came to be ours by a process of transplanting, rather than by a continuous growth in their original soil. Wherever the seeds of our modern life may have been gathered from the flowers that produced them, they owe their permanent fertility to influences with which the races whence they came have had little or nothing to do.

But, above every other European country, Italy is still the visible chronicle of the emergence and development of that European civilization which is slowly absorbing into itself the whole race of man. And, amongst all her wonderful cities, there is none that can be named in comparison with Pompeii, for its power to transport the mind to the actual existence of ages long gone by. Other places embody the ideas of the past, and the passions and energies of each succeeding generation, as a link in the chain which binds us moderns to the remotest antiquity. In its degree, too, doubtless Pompeii has its share, and that not an unimportant one, in thus furnishing "Materials for history." But it is as a picture of the life of man, simply as life, that it stands alone. Its streets, its temples, its houses, stand before us as the very expression of life in death, or of death in life, or of living death, or of life dead, or whatever we may term it, for it is difficult to choose the best phrase for expressing the fullness of its tragic meaning. Nor is there need for exactly defining what is perhaps beyond the range of precise definition, but which is none the less keenly felt because it refuses to be put into written words. The power of Pompeii lies in this — that the daily life, the home life, the dull prosaic life that we are all living at this moment, is here actually before us, and yet that they who lived it have been dead for eighteen hundred years. In the ordinary monuments of the past, as we term them, we have that which men design to live after them. In Pompeii we are surrounded with the trivialities which constitute the hourly interest of our existence, and which, transitory as they are, are of the very essence of life, its occupations, its joys, and its sorrows, while it is actually passing on from day to day. This it is which makes the sights of Pompeii so inexpressibly touching, and awakens emotions which no other sights can create. It is, in fact, because they are trifles that their power is so great to move us. It is thus that they possess all that intensity of interest which coarser minds find in viewing the scene of a recent bloody tragedy, relieved of these elements of moral and physical horror which revolt persons of

a higher nature. And it is scarcely too much to say that, the more trifling and commonplace was the original reality as an element of daily life, the more vividly it recalls the terrors of the catastrophe which thus turned an entire city into a tomb. What can be more utterly prosaic and unsuggestive than a baker's shop? Yet what more touching than the sight of a row of loaves preserved wholly uninjured for nearly eighteen centuries, standing as they were left by the baker's hand, prepared for those who were never to see them? This was the case in one of the more recently discovered shops, where a happy accident had so hermetically sealed the mouth of an oven that the falling ashes were effectually excluded, and the bread that was made on the 23rd of November, in the year 79 was preserved untouched, and ready for the chemical examination of the Professor de Luca.

M. Monnier's little book is an attempt to reproduce this life of the past which Pompeii so vividly recalls to the instructed imagination. In a few lines of introductory dialogue, which is supposed to take place in a bookseller's shop at Naples, he announces his aim, and specifies the defects of the more elaborate works of his predecessors. It is worth quoting complete:—

A traveller, entering — "Have you any book on Pompeii?"

Bookseller. "I have several. First of all, here is Bulwer Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*."

Tr. "It is too romantic."

B. "Here is the folio of Mazois."

Tr. "It is too heavily written."

B. "Here's the 'Corricolo' of Alexandre Dumas."

Tr. "It is too trifling."

B. "Here's the splendid work of Niccolini."

Tr. "It's too dear."

B. "Here's the 'Guide' of 'Commander d'Alöe.'"

Tr. "It's too dry."

B. "You'll have nothing that's either dry, or romantic, or light, or heavy. What do you want then?"

Tr. "A small, correct, and carefully done work, adapted to everybody's reading."

B. "There's no such a thing. Besides, it is impossible to write such a book."

The Author (aside). "Who knows?"

We are bound to say, and without hesitation, that M. Monnier has succeeded in his attempt. His book is full of information; it is sensible, and it is readable. His plan is to divide the whole mass of information which he himself and all previous writers have collected into a series of subjects, and to treat them as suggesting so many por-

tions of the actual daily routine of Pompeian existence. Under the headings of the Forum, the Street, the Suburb, the Baths, the Private House, Art, the Theatres, the Eruption, he has sketched just those kind of pictures which the general reader desires. To an Englishman the book is almost provoking, so few are the English writers who possess this happy art of arranging their knowledge, and of telling their story with a liveliness that never degenerates into the smartness of a second-rate magazine article. Where M. Monnier ventures on anything in the way of an exposition of his notions on art, politics, or religion, or social life, this same neatness of expression and clearness of idea never forsake him, and we enjoy the rare pleasure of being instructed without being bored. The concluding paragraph of the chapter on "Art" may be named as a special illustration of this agreeable philosophizing.

In other respects the most interesting portion of his book is his account of those recent discoveries whose tragic meaning has been so singularly intensified by the happy idea of Signor Fiorelli. About two years ago, in a small street, the workmen employed in the excavations discovered an empty space of an unusual form, in which were some skeletons. Before disturbing them they called Signor Fiorelli, who was fortunately at hand. A singularly happy thought struck him. He had the empty space filled with liquid plaster of Paris, and repeated the process in the case of some other openings which presented a similar appearance. As soon as the plaster was hardened, the surrounding ashes were carefully removed, and displayed the perfect casts of four human bodies. All four are now placed in the Museum, and a more singular and affecting sight is perhaps not to be seen in the whole world. The plaster was hardened around the ashes so perfectly in the shape of what may be termed the mould formed by the falling ashes round the living bodies, that the whole aspect of the dying frame is preserved, even to the minutest details, except that here and there the bones of the skeleton within are partially uncovered. M. Monnier contrasts them with Egyptian mummies, which are bare, black, and hideous, and arranged in an artificial posture for their burial, while in the exhumed Pompeians we see human beings in the very act of dying. One of them is the body of a woman, close to whom were found a large number of coins, two silver vases, some keys and some jewels, which she was carrying with her when the falling *scoriae* arrested

her flight. It is easy to trace her head-dress and the material of her clothing; and on one of her fingers are two silver rings. Her hands were so clasped in agony that the nails had pierced the flesh. With the exception of her legs, the whole body is swollen and contracted; it is plain that she strove violently in her dying struggle. Her attitude, says M. Monnier, is that of the last agony, and not that of death. Behind her lay another woman and a girl, evidently of humble rank. The elder of the two, possibly the mother, has an iron ring on one of her fingers. The signs of a dying struggle are evident, but the death seems to have been easier than in the case of the victim last described. Close to her lies the girl, almost a child in age. The details of her dress are preserved with a startling faithfulness. One can see the material and stitching of her frock, the untrimmed rents in her long sleeves, and the knots in her little shoes. She had drawn her dress over her head to ward off the torrent of ashes, and falling headlong on her face had rested her head on one of her arms, and so died apparently without a struggle. The fourth body is that of a large and powerful man, who had sat down to die with his arms and legs straight and fixed. His dress is completely preserved; his trowsers are close, his sandals are laced to the feet, with nails in their soles. On one finger is an iron ring; his mouth is open, and shows that he had lost some of his teeth; his nose and cheeks are strongly marked; the eyes and the hair have disappeared, but the moustache remains. The whole sight is tragic to the last degree. After the lapse of eighteen centuries the terrible death seems to be enacting itself before us with all its appalling sufferings. We may add, what M. Monnier does not seem to be aware of, that stereoscopic views were taken of the bodies, and that we have seen them here in London. The minute details which the actual plaster casts present are of course less visible, even with all the reproducing powers of the stereoscope; but enough is to be discerned to suggest all the terrors of the dying moments.

We may end with a paragraph from M. Monnier's chapter on the Forum, in which he sketches forcibly, and in a thoroughly French tone and style, what he conceives to have been the very essence of the social and religious life of the people thus buried alive in their graves. Describing the singular building which has been named, possibly for want of a better title, the Pantheon, he says:—

In the shops attached to this palace, among all sorts of valuable objects, vases, lamps, statuettes, jewels, and a fine alabaster cup, were found five hundred and fifty small bottles, without reckoning the cups, and numerous glass vases, containing figs, grapes, chestnuts, and lentils; together with the scales and moulds employed by bakers and pastrycooks. Was the Patheon then an inn, a hospice, where strangers were received under the protection of the gods? However it may be, the table and the altar, cookery and religion, elbowed each other in this strange palace. Our austerity revolts from it, and in our lighter moments we are amused by it; but the Catholics of the South are not astonished at it. Their devotion has preserved something of the ancient gaiety. For the plebeians of Naples, Christmas is a feast of eels, Easter a family merry-making; they devour *Zeppole* to honour St. Joseph, and the greatest proof of affliction which they can offer to Jesus dying is not to eat meat. Under the sky of Italy, dogmas may change, but religion will always be the same—sensual, lively, passionate, intemperate, essentially and eternally heathen, adoring before all the woman, Venus or Mary, and the *bambino*, the mystic Cupid whom the poets call the first Love. Catholicism and Paganism, theories and mysteries—if there are two religions, they are that of the South and that of the North.

Correspondence of the Spectator.—New York, 31 March.—Copied from Spectator, 15 April.

#### GENERAL SHERMAN.

THE portraits of General Sherman that I have seen in the illustrated European papers are not much like him. They are engraved from a photograph taken from another photograph—a very poor one—which had been “doctored” with Indian ink to better it. The only good picture is one which represents him with his coat open in a very careless way, and in a white waistcoat. General Sherman is under middle height and sparely built, has reddish brown hair and a beard somewhat lighter in hue, which, clipped short, looks stiff and bristling. Of his hair and beard, and of his dress generally, he is careless in the extreme. His brain is large and remarkably well-balanced, the head proper being high, well arched, and symmetrical. His eyes are small, penetrating, and restless, his nose aquiline, and his mouth too straight to be handsome, but firm, and not particularly good-natured in expression. In fact General Sherman is one of the most nervously restless and not the best-tempered of men. He knows this, and admits it. In speaking of one of his subordinate generals he once

said, “He is as good an officer as I am, is younger, and better-tempered.” But although often irritable and rarely very gracious, General Sherman is not only just and candid, but kind, and even self-sacrificing. He rarely sleeps at night, but does his writing and attends to his personal affairs then, and sleeps in the daytime, as he can. He does this that his men, those who are not on guard, may take their natural rest undisturbed, unless in case of great emergency. The long roll is not heard in his camps at night, except by his orders. Reports are first brought to him. He sleeps generally without a tent, under a tree, or in some such place; and during no small part of his campaign his head-quarters have consisted of nothing more than a tent fly for the use of his Adjutant-General. One morning when he had laid down to sleep under a tree by the road-side with only his orderly near him, a regiment marched past the place, and one of the men who had never seen him, supposing him *plenus Bacchi*, said aloud, with a glance at the two stars on his shoulder-straps, “That’s the way we are commanded; officered by drunken major-generals.” Sherman, who was only dozing, jumped up, and said good-humouredly, “Not drunk, my boy, but I was up all night, and am very tired and sleepy.” The men discovered that they were passing head-quarters, and broke out into hearty cheers.

General Sherman’s manner is that of self-absorbed and restless energy. He has neither repose nor reserve, although he has great secretiveness. But unless in sleep his limbs are never still for a minute, or his eyes hardly for a second, and when he does talk he rarely allows the other colloquists to finish their sentences, or seems to put any restraint upon his tongue. He breaks in with what he has to say as soon as he has heard all that he thinks it necessary for him to hear, and pours out a succession of sharp, quick sentences, in the utterance of which he will suffer no interruption, and which he accompanies with abrupt and ungraceful, though impressive gestures. He is a great smoker, but he does not seem to enjoy his cigar. He works at it, as he does at everything he undertakes, with restless energy; pulls away at it as if the blast of a blacksmith’s bellows were necessary to keep it lit; and throws it away or lays it down forgetfully when it is half consumed, and then lights another. Only on the battle-field is his uneasy, ceaseless movement of eye and limb notably moderated. There he becomes almost quiet; but he grits his teeth, and sets his lips, and half-closing his eyes like a near-



sighted man, he seems striving to peer into the invisible before him. His orders there are given in the quietest and most informal manner. He is exceedingly practical in his turn of mind, and would make an excellent commissary-general or engineer-in-chief. When he was first at Chattanooga the railway people said that it was impossible to transport more rations than it was found would just feed the army day by day, which of course left no provision for the coming campaign. Sherman immediately set himself to work, and by extending the road, planning and building two inclined planes, and impressing freight-cars and ferry-boats, he in one month had, instead of ninety cars of rations, two hundred and seventy coming in every day to Chattanooga. It is his way (being, in this, unlike General Grant) to look himself after all the little details of every matter he undertakes, and on this occasion he ordered the increase in the number of cars to be reported to him daily, and would appear as much pleased by the addition of a few cars to the previous day's report as if he had won a battle. This brief sketch, based upon information known to be trustworthy, gives some notion of what the

man is by nature. As to his acquirements, he is a thoroughly accomplished soldier, West-Point bred, and immediately before the war was professor in a military college in Louisiana. His strange, nervous manner, and what were thought his exaggerated notions of the struggle upon which we were about to enter, caused him then to be looked upon by some persons as slightly insane, but, as far as I can judge, time and his acts have justified his mental soundness. With all his peculiarities of temper and of manner, General Sherman is truly modest and quick to recognize and acknowledge the ability of others. In a recent letter, which Reuter's telegram garbled so as to make him say that he feared too much confidence was placed in our Government and our people, he had said that he feared too much confidence had been placed in his abilities. How odd it is that the telegrams and the letters always blunder one way. It was my intention to attempt giving my readers a portrait of General Grant, who to Sherman's capacity and acquirement adds something which Sherman lacks. But this I must postpone to another opportunity.

#### THE MOURNING OF THE SLAVES.

ONE of the Commissioners for Emancipation was at Hilton Head in the earlier part of the war, and overheard a gang of negroes, working for the government, talk about their final chances for liberty. The question was raised among them whether the President knew their condition and would liberate them. An aged slave among them, who seemed a "class-leader," stopped his work, and in a most impressive manner, said to them, with a certain awe which they all evidently responded to: "De President! Why ob course he knows! He is eberywhere! He is like de bressed Lord; he walks de waters and de land!" This gentleman afterwards related this incident to Mr. Lincoln, and the kind-hearted man had to turn away to the window to hide his tears at this instance of touching confidence and superstitious reverence in this simple-minded race toward himself.

On this day of national mourning, when the badges of sorrow cover the dwellings of the rich, when funeral drapery festoons the public halls and

the churches, when organs peal the notes of grief to weeping audiences, when the voices of the clergy repeat in moving tones the virtues of the deceased, and call up again the nation's loss, and a whole people is bowed in affliction, there will be no deeper mourning for the beloved and honored head of the republic than in the cabins of the slaves. In lonely huts, where the news of the great crime has penetrated, in the villages of the emancipated from Virginia and the Carolinas, in the crowded haunts of the poor negroes within the great cities, there will be grief to-day, such as needs no funeral orations, or badges of gloom and mourning. The tears of the forgotten and outcast and oppressed slave, now redeemed to his manhood, will be the sincerest tears that fall on the grave of the President. From the cottages of the poor and the downtrodden will come his truest requiem. And hundreds of thousands of honest hearts, whom the world knows not of will mourn this day the loss of their best friend and their emancipator. — *New York Times*.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ORATION BY R. W. EMERSON, AT CONCORD, N. H.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. REMARKS AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF THE PRESIDENT, IN CONCORD, APRIL 19, 1865. *By R. W. Emerson.* We meet under the gloom of a calamity which darkens down over the minds of good men in all civil society, as the fearful tidings travel over sea, over land, from country to country, like the shadow of an uncalculated eclipse over the planet. Old as history is, and manifold as are its tragedies, I doubt if any death has caused so much pain to mankind as this has caused, or will cause, on its announcement; and this, not so much because nations are by modern arts brought so closely together, as because of the mysterious hopes and fears which, in the present day are connected with the name and institutions of America.

In this country, on Saturday, every one was struck dumb, and saw, at first, only deep below deep, as he meditated on the ghastly blow. And, perhaps, at this hour, when the coffin which contains the dust of the President sets forward on its long march through mourning States, on its way to his home in Illinois, we might well be silent, and suffer the awful voices of the time to thunder to us. Yes, but that first despair was brief; the man was not so to be mourned. He was the most active and hopeful of men; and his work had not perished; but acclamations of praise for the task he had accomplished, burst out into a song of triumph, which even tears for his death cannot keep down.

The President stood before us a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, had never crossed the sea, had never been spoiled by English insularity, or French dissipation; a quite native, aboriginal man, as an acorn from the oak; no aping of foreigners, no frivolous accomplishments, Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flat-boatman, a captain in the Blackhawk war, a country lawyer, a representative in the rural Legislature of Illinois,—on such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid. How slowly, and yet by happily prepared steps, he came to his place. All of us remember,—it is only a history of five or six years,—the surprise and the disappointment of the country at his first nomination by the Convention at Chicago. Mr. Seward, then in the culmination of his good fame, was the favorite

of the Eastern States. And when the new and comparatively unknown name of Lincoln was announced, (notwithstanding the report of the acclamations of that Convention,) we heard the result coldly and sadly.

It seemed too rash, on a purely local reputation, to build so grave a trust, in such anxious times; and men naturally talked of the chances in politics as incalculable. But it turned out not to be chance. The profound good opinion which the people of Illinois and of the West had conceived of him, and which they had imparted to their colleagues, that they also might justify themselves to their constituents at home, was not rash, though they did not begin to know the richness of his worth.

A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon says "Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones, fortune." He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which, inspired confidence, which confirmed good-will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty which it was very easy for him to obey. Then he had what farmers call a long head; was excellent in working out the sum for himself; in arguing his case and convincing you fairly and firmly. Then, it turned out that he was a great worker; had prodigious faculty of performance; worked easily. A good worker is so rare; everybody has some disabling quality. In a host of young men that start together, and promise so many brilliant leaders for the next age, each fails on trial; one by bad health, one by conceit or by love of pleasure, or by lethargy, or by an hasty temper,—each has some disqualifying fault that throws him out of the career. But this man was sound to the core, cheerful, persistent, all right for labor, and liked nothing so well.

Then he had a vast good-nature, which made him tolerant and accessible to all; fair-minded, leaning to the claim of the petitioner; affable, and not sensible to the affliction which the innumerable visits paid to him, when President, would have brought to any one else. And how this good-nature became a noble humanity, in many a tragic case which the events of the war brought to him, every one will remember; and with what increasing tenderness he dealt, when a whole race was thrown on his compassion. The poor negro said of him, on an impressive occasion, "Massa Linkum am eberywhere."

Then his broad good-humor, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret; to meet every kind of man, and every rank in society; to take off the edge of the severest decisions; to mask his own purpose and sound his companion; and to catch with true instinct the temper of every company he addressed. And, more than all, it is to a man of severe labor, in anxious and exhausting crises, the natural restorative, good as sleep, and is the protection of the overdriven brain against rancor and insanity.

He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries that it is certain they had no reputation at first but as jests; and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure if this man had ruled in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythological in a very few years, like *Æsop* or *Pilpay*, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs. But the weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined hereafter to a wide fame. What pregnant definitions; what unerring common sense; what foresight; and, on great occasion, what lofty, and more than national, what humane tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg, will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion. This, and one other American speech, that of John Brown to the court that tried him, and a part of Kossuth's speech at Birmingham, can only be compared with each other, and with no fourth.

His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good sense of mankind, and of the public conscience. This middle-class country had got a middle-class President at last. Yes, in manners, sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. His mind mastered the problem of the day; and, as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event. In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the Babel of counsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, laboring to find what the people wanted, and how to obtain that. It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor

of ridicule. The times have allowed no State secrets; the nation has been in such a ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar, and we know all that befel.

Then, what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war. Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years,—four years of battle-days,—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile council, his humanity, he stood an heroic figure in the centre of an heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs; the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.

Adam Smith remarks that the axe, which, in Houbraken's portraits of British kings and worthies, is engraved under those who have suffered at the block, adds a certain lofty charm to the picture. And who does not see, even in this tragedy so recent, how fast the terror and ruin of the massacre are already burning into glory around the victim? Far happier this fate than to have lived to be wished away; to have watched the decay of his own faculties; to have seen,—perhaps, even he,—the proverbial ingratitude of statesmen; to have seen mean men preferred. Had he not lived long enough to keep the greatest promise that ever man made to his fellow-men,—the practical abolition of slavery? He had seen Tennessee, Missouri, and Maryland emancipate their slaves. He had seen Savannah, Charleston, and Richmond surrendered; had seen the main army of the rebellion lay down its arms. He had conquered the public opinion of Canada, England, and France. Only Washington can compare with him in fortune.

And what if it should turn out, in the unfolding of the web, that he had reached the term; that this heroic deliverer could not longer serve us; that the rebellion had touched its natural conclusion, and what remained to be done required new and uncommitted hands,—a new spirit born out of the ashes of the war; and that Heaven, wishing to show the world a completed benefactor, shall make him serve his country even more by his death than by his life.

Nations, like kings, are not good by facility and complaisance. "The kindness of kings consists in justice and strength." Easy good-nature has been the dangerous foible of the Republic, and it was necessary that its enemies should outrage it, and drive us to unwonted firmness, to secure the salvation of this country in the next ages.

The ancients believed in a serene and beautiful Genius which ruled in the affairs of nations; which, with a slow but stern justice, carried forward the fortunes of certain chosen houses, weeding out single offenders or offending families, and securing at last the firm prosperity of the favorites of Heaven. It was too narrow a view of the Eternal Nemesis. There is a serene Providence which rules the fate of nations, which makes little account of time, little of one generation or race, makes no account of disasters, conquers alike by what is called defeat, or by what is called victory, thrusts aside enemy and obstruction, crushes everything immoral as inhuman, and obtains the ultimate triumph of the best race by the sacrifice of everything which resists the moral laws of the world. It makes its own instruments, creates the man for the time, trains him in poverty, inspires his genius, and arms him for his task. It has given every race its own talent, and ordains that only that race which combines perfectly with the virtues of all shall endure.

ORATION BY GEORGE W. BANCROFT, AT  
NEW YORK.

OUR grief and horror at the crime which has clothed the continent in mourning, find no adequate expression in words and no relief in tears. The President of the United States of America has fallen by the hands of an assassin. Neither the office with which he was invested by the approved choice of a mighty people, nor the most simple-hearted kindness of nature, could save him from the fiendish passions of relentless fanaticism. The wailing of the millions attend his remains as they are borne in solemn procession over our great rivers, along the seaside, beyond the mountains, across the prairie, to their final resting-place in the valley of the Mississippi. The echoes of his funeral knell vibrate through the world, and the friends of freedom of every tongue and in every clime are his mourners.

Too few days have passed away since Abraham Lincoln stood in the flush of vigorous manhood, to permit any attempt at an analysis of his character or an exposition of his career. We find it hard to believe that

his large eyes, which in their softness and beauty expressed nothing but benevolence and gentleness, are closed in death; we almost look for the pleasant smile that brought out more vividly the earnest cast of his features, which were serious even to sadness. A few years ago he was a village attorney, engaged in the support of a rising family, unknown to fame, scarcely named beyond his neighborhood; his administration made him the most conspicuous man in his country, and drew on him first the astonished gaze, and then the respect and admiration, of the world.

Those who come after us will decide how much of the wonderful results of his public career is due to his own good common sense, his shrewd sagacity, readiness of wit, quick interpretation of the public mind, his rare combination of fixedness and pliancy, his steady tendency of purpose; how much to the American people, who, as he walked with them side by side, inspired him with their own wisdom and energy; and how much to the overruling laws of the moral world, by which the selfishness of evil is made to defeat itself. But after every allowance, it will remain that members of the government which preceded his administration opened the gates to treason, and he closed them; that when he went to Washington the ground on which he trod shook under his feet, and he left the republic on a solid foundation; that traitors had seized public forts and arsenals, and he recovered them for the United States, to whom they belonged; that the capital, which he found the abode of slaves, is now the home only of the free; that the boundless public domain which was grasped at, and, in a great measure, held for the diffusion of slavery, is now irrevocably devoted to freedom; that then men talked a jargon of a balance of power in a republic between slave states and free states, and now the foolish words are blown away forever by the breath of Maryland Missouri and Tennessee; that a terrible cloud of political heresy rose from the abyss threatening to hide the light of the sun, and under its darkness a rebellion was rising into indefinable proportions; now the atmosphere is purer than ever before, and the insurrection is vanishing away; the country is cast into another mould, and the gigantic system of wrong, which had been the work of more than two centuries, is dashed down, we hope forever. And as to himself personally: he was then scoffed at by the proud as unfit for his station, and now, against the usage of later years, and in spite of numerous competitors, he was the unbiassed and



the undoubted choice of the American people for a second term of service. Through all the mad business of treason he retained the sweetness of a most placable disposition; and the slaughter of myriads of the best on the battle-field, and the more terrible destruction of our men in captivity by the slow torture of exposure and starvation, had never been able to provoke him into harboring one vengeful feeling or one purpose of cruelty.

How shall the nation most completely show its sorrow at Mr. Lincoln's death? How shall it best honor his memory? There can be but one answer. He was struck down when he was highest in its service, and in strict conformity with duty was engaged in carrying out principles affecting its life, its good name, and its relations to the cause of freedom and the progress of mankind. Grief must take the character of action, and breathe itself forth in the assertion of the policy to which he fell a sacrifice. The standard which he held in his hand must be uplifted again, higher and more firmly than before, and must be carried on to triumph. Above everything else, his proclamation of the first day of January, 1873, declaring throughout the parts of the country in rebellion the freedom of all persons who had been held as slaves, must be affirmed and maintained.

Events, as they rolled onward, have removed every doubt of the legality and binding force of that proclamation. The country and the rebel government have each laid claim to the public service of the slave, and yet but one of the two can have a rightful claim to such service. That rightful claim belongs to the United States, because every one born on their own soil, with the few exceptions of the children of travellers and transient residents, owes them a primary allegiance. Every one so born has been counted among those represented in Congress; every slave has ever been represented in Congress — imperfectly and wrongly it may be — but still has been counted and represented. The slave born on our soil always owed allegiance to the general government. It may in times past have been a qualified allegiance, manifested through his master, as the allegiance of a ward through its guardian or of an infant through its parent. But when the master became false to his allegiance the slave stood face to face with his country, and his allegiance, which may before have been a qualified one, became direct and immediate. His chains fell off, and he stood at once in the presence of the nation, bound, like the rest of us, to its public defence. Mr Lincoln's proclama-

tion did but take notice of the already existing right of the bondman to freedom. The treason of the master made it a public crime for the slave to continue his obedience; the treason of a State set free the collective bondmen of that state.

This doctrine is supported by the analogy of precedents. In the times of feudalism the treason of the lord of the manor deprived him of his serfs; the spurious feudalism that ever existed among us differs from the feudalism of the middle ages; but so far the precedent runs parallel with the present case; for treason the master then, for treason the master now, loses his slaves.

In the middle ages the sovereign appointed another lord over the serfs and the land which they cultivated; in our day, the sovereign makes them masters of their own persons, lords over themselves.

It has been said that we are at war, and that emancipation is not a belligerent right. The objection disappears before analysis. In a war between independent powers the invading foreigner invites to his standard all who will give him aid, whether bond or free, and he rewards them according to his ability and his pleasure with gifts or freedom; but when he withdraws from the invaded country he must take his aiders and comforters with him; or if he leaves them behind, where he has no court to enforce his decrees, he can give them no security, unless it be by the stipulations of a treaty. In a civil war it is altogether different. There, when rebellion is crushed, the old government is restored, and its courts resume their jurisdiction. So it is with us; the United States have courts of their own, that must punish the guilt of treason and vindicate the freedom of persons whom the fact of rebellion has set free.

Nor may it be said, that because slavery existed in most of the States when the Union was formed, it cannot rightfully be interfered with now. A change has taken place, such as Madison foresaw, and for which he pointed out the remedy. The constitutions of States had been transformed before the plotters of treason carried them away into rebellion. When the federal Constitution was formed, general emancipation was thought to be near; and everywhere the respective legislatures had authority, in exercise of their ordinary functions, to do away with slavery; since that time the attempt has been made in what are called slave States to make the condition of slavery perpetual; and events have proved with the clearness of demonstration, that a constitution which seeks to continue a caste

of hereditary bondmen through endless generations is inconsistent with the existence of republican institutions.

So, then, the new President and the people of the United States must insist that the proclamation of freemen shall stand as a reality. And moreover, the people must never cease to insist that the constitution shall be so amended as utterly to prohibit slavery on any part of our soil for evermore.

Alas! that a State in our vicinity should withhold its assent to this last beneficent measure; its refusal was an encouragement to our enemies equal to the gain of a pitched battle; and delays the only hopeful method of pacification. The removal of the cause of the rebellion is not only demanded by justice; it is the policy of mercy, making room for a wider clemency; it is the part of order against a chaos of controversy; its success brings with it true reconciliation, a lasting peace, a continuous growth of confidence through an assimilation of the social condition. Here is the fitting expression of the mourning of to-day.

And let no lover of his country say that this warning is uncalled for. The cry is delusive that slavery is dead. Even now it is nerving itself for a fresh struggle for continuance. The last winds from the South waft to us the sad intelligence that a man, who had surrounded himself with the glory of the most brilliant and most varied achievements, who but a week ago was named with affectionate pride among the greatest benefactors of his country and the ablest generals of all time, has usurped more than the whole power of the Executive, and under the name of peace has revived slavery and given security and political power to traitors from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande. Why could he not remember the dying advice of Washington; never to draw the sword but for self-defence or the rights of his country, and when drawn, never to sheathe it till its work should be accomplished? And yet from this bad act, which the people with one united voice condemn, no great evil will follow save the shadow on his own fame. The individual, even in the greatness of military glory, sinks into insignificance before the resistless movements in the history of man. No one can turn back or stay the march of Providence.

No sentiment of despair may mix with our sorrow. We owe it to the memory of the dead, we owe it to the cause of popular liberty throughout the world, that the sudden crime which has taken the life of the President of the United States shall not produce the least impediment in the smooth course

of public affairs. This great city in the midst of unexampled emblems of deeply seated grief, has sustained itself with composure and magnanimity. It has nobly done its part in guarding against the derangement of business or the slightest shock to public credit. The enemies of the republic put it to the severest trial; but the voice of faction has not been heard; doubt and despondency have been unknown. In serene majesty the country rises in the beauty and strength and hope of youth, and proves to the world the quiet energy and the durability of institutions growing out of the reason and affections of the people.

Heaven has willed it that the United States shall live. The nations of the earth cannot spare them. All the worn out aristocracies of Europe saw in the spurious feudalism of slaveholding their strongest outpost, and banded themselves together with the deadly enemies of our national life. If the Old World will discuss the respective advantages of oligarchy or equality; of the union of church and state, or the rightful freedom of religion; of land accessible to the many or of land monopolized by an ever-decreasing number of the few, the United States must live to control the decision by their quiet and unobtrusive example. It has often and truly been observed that the trust and affection of the masses gathers naturally round an individual; if the inquiry is made whether the man so trusted and beloved shall elicit from the reason of the people enduring institutions of their own, or shall sequester political power for a superintending dynasty, the United States must live to solve the problem. If a question is raised on the respective merits of Timoleon or Julius Cæsar, of Washington or Napoleon, the United States must be there to call to mind that there were twelve Cæsars, most of them the opprobrium of the human race, and to contrast with them the line of American presidents.

The duty of the hour is incomplete, our mourning is insincere if, while we express unwavering trust in the great principles that underlie our government, we do not also give our support to the man to whom the people have intrusted its administration.

Andrew Johnson is now, by the constitution, the President of the United States, and he stands before the world as the most conspicuous representative of the industrial classes. Left an orphan at four years old, poverty and toil were his steps to honor. His youth was not passed in the halls of colleges; nevertheless he has received a thorough political education in statesman-

ship in the school of the people and by long experience of public life. A village functionary; member successively of each branch of the Tennessee legislature, hearing with a thrill of joy, the words, "the Union, it must be preserved;" a representative in Congress for successive years; governor of the great State of Tennessee, approved as its governor by re-election; he was at the opening of the rebellion a Senator from that state in Congress. Then at the Capitol, when Senators, unrebuked by the government, sent word by telegram to seize forts and arsenals, he alone from that Southern region told them what the government did not dare to tell them, that they were traitors, and deserved the punishment of traitors. Undismayed by a perpetual purpose of public enemies to take his life, bearing up against the still greater trial of the persecution of his wife and children, in due time he went back to his State determined to restore it to the Union, or die with the American flag for his winding sheet. And now, at the call of the United States, he has returned to Washington as a conqueror, with Tennessee as a free State for his trophy. It remains for him to consummate the vindication of the Union.

To that Union Abraham Lincoln has fallen a martyr. His death, which was meant to sever it beyond repair, binds it more closely and more firmly than ever. The death blow aimed at him was aimed not at the native of Kentucky, not at the citizen of Illinois, but at the man who, as President, in the executive branch of the government, stood as the representative of every man in the United States. The object of the crime was the life of the whole people; and it wounds the affections of the whole people. From Main to the southwest boundary on the Pacific it makes us one. The country may have needed an imperishable grief to touch its inmost feeling. The grave that receives the remains of Lincoln, receives the martyr to the Union; the monument which will rise over his body will bear witness to the Union; his enduring memory will assist during countless ages to bind the States together, and to incite to the love of our one undivided and indivisible country. Peace to the ashes of our departed friend, the friend of his country and his race. Happy was his life, for he was the restorer of the republic; he was happy in his death, for the manner of his end will plead for ever for the Union of the States and the freedom of man.

From a paper, "Personal Impressions of President Lincoln" contributed to The In-

dependent, by F. B. Carpenter, painter of the picture of the

#### EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

A touching instance of his kindness of heart occurred quite recently, and was told me incidentally by one of the servants. A poor woman from Philadelphia had been waiting, with a baby in her arms, for three days to see the President. Her husband had furnished a substitute for the army, but some time afterward was one day made intoxicated by some companions, and in this state induced to enlist. Soon after he reached the army he deserted, thinking that, as he had provided a substitute the Government were not entitled to his services. Returning home he was, of course, arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was to be executed on Saturday. On Monday, his wife left her home with her baby to endeavor to see the President. Said old Daniel: "She had been waiting here three days, and there was no chance for her to get in. Late in the afternoon of the third day the President was going through the back passage to his private rooms, to get a cup of tea or take some rest." (This passageway has lately been constructed, and shuts the person passing entirely out of view of the occupants of the anteroom.) "On his way through, he heard the little baby cry. He instantly went back to his office and rang the bell. 'Daniel,' said he, 'is there a woman with a baby in the anteroom?' I said there was, and if he would allow me to say it, I thought it was a case he ought to see; for it was a matter of life and death. Said he, 'Send her to me at once.' She went in, told her story, and the President pardoned her husband. As the woman came out from his presence, her eyes were lifted and her lips moving in prayer, the tears streaming down her cheeks." Said Daniel; "I went up to her and pulling her shawl said, Madam, it was the baby that did it!"

Another touching incident occurred, I believe, the same week. A woman in a faded shawl and hood, somewhat advanced in life, at length was admitted, in her turn, to the President. Her husband and three sons, all she had in the world, enlisted. Her husband had been killed, and she had come to ask the President to release to her the oldest son. Being satisfied of the truthfulness of her story he said, "Certainly, if her prop was taken away she was justly entitled to one of her boys." He immediately wrote an order for the discharge of the young man. The poor woman thanked him very grate-

fully, and went away. On reaching the army she found that this son had been in a recent engagement, was wounded, and taken to a hospital. She found the hospital, but the boy was dead, or died while she was there. The surgeon in charge made a memorandum of the facts upon the back of the President's order, and, almost broken-hearted, the poor woman found her way again into his presence. He was much affected by her appearance and story, and said, "I know what you wish me to do now, and I shall do it without your asking, I shall release to you your second son." Upon this, he took up his pen and commenced writing the order. While he

was writing the poor woman stood by his side, the tears running down her face, and passed her hand softly over his head, stroking his rough hair, as I have seen a fond mother do to a son. By the time he had finished writing, his own heart and eyes were full. He handed her the paper, "Now," said he, "*you* have one and *I* one of the other two left: that is no more than right." She took the paper, and reverently placing her hand again upon his head, the tears still upon her cheeks, said, "The Lord bless you Mr. President. May you live a thousand years, and may you always be the head of this great nation!"

MR. COBDEN UPON THE AMERICAN WAR. — The following letter, addressed to the American Minister at Copenhagen, has been published in the American papers, and has at present a melancholy interest: — *Examiner*.

Midhurst, Feb. 5. — My dear friend, — I duly received your letter of the 12th of December. Ever since I have been an invalid, not having left the house for more than two months. I was imprudent in going at so late a season to address my constituents in the north, and was unfortunate in being obliged to speak not only for myself, but for Mr. Bright, who was prevented from being present by the death of his son. But I am better now, though not well enough to be at my post at the opening of the Session. I must wait for finer weather. I congratulate you on the course which events have taken in your country during the last few months. It seems to me that there are unmistakable signs of exhaustion in the Confederacy, and it would not be rash to predict now that the famous "ninety days" will witness very decisive events in the progress of the war. Jefferson Davis rules in Richmond, but the Federal armies control his dominions. I hold a theory that in these times, when armies require vast appliances of mechanical resources, and when they are so much larger than in olden days, it is impossible to carry on war without the base of large cities. If the seaports be taken and Lee be obliged to evacuate Richmond, there will not be a town left in the Confederacy with 20,000 white inhabitants. It will be impossible to maintain permanently large armies in the interior of the slave States, amid scattered plantations and unpaved villages. You cannot, in such circumstances, concentrate the means of subsistence or furnish the necessary equipment for an army. I expect therefore, to see the loss of the large towns lead to a dispersion of the Southern armies. I have sometimes speculated on what course Lee will take if obliged to aban-

don his position at Richmond. I have my doubts whether he will continue the struggle beyond the borders of his native State. However, all these are speculations, which a few months will dispose of. I pray Heaven we may soon see the termination of this terrible war. I observe what you say about Confederate agents having found encouragement in Europe. I can easily believe this. If the South caves in, there will be a fierce resentment felt by the leaders towards those potentates or Ministers in Europe who have deluded them to their ruin, and I should not be surprised if we were to hear some secrets disclosed, in consequence, of an interesting kind. Democracy has discovered how very few friends it has in Europe among the ruling class. It has at the same time discovered its own strength, and, what is more, this has been discovered by the aristocracies and absolutisms of the Old World. So that I think you are more safe than ever against the risks of intervention from this side of the Atlantic. Besides, you must not forget that the working class of England, who will not be always without direct political power, have, in spite of their sufferings and the attempt made to mislead them; adhered nobly to the cause of civilization and freedom. You will have a task sufficient to employ all your energies at home in bringing your finances into order. There is a dreadful want of capacity at your head in questions of political economy; you seem now to be in the same state of ignorance as that from which we began to emerge forty years ago. The labours of Huskisson, Peel, and Gladstone seem never to have been heard of by Messrs — and Co. Depend on it that as there is no royal road to learning, so there is no Republican path to prosperity. You must follow the beaten track of Experience. Debt is debt, whether on the west or east of the Atlantic, and it can be paid only by prudence and economy, and a wise distribution of its burdens. Yours, very truly,  
Hon. B. R. Wood. R. COBDEN.